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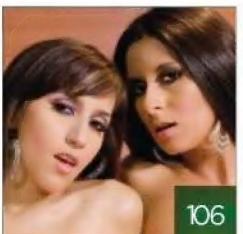
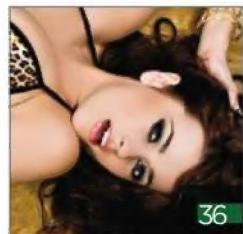


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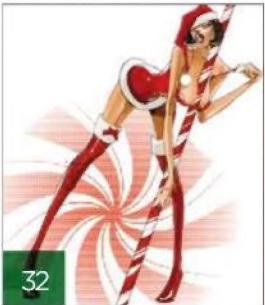
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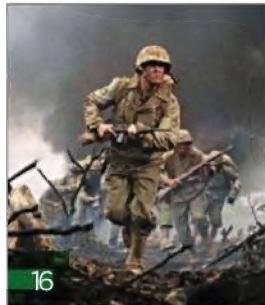
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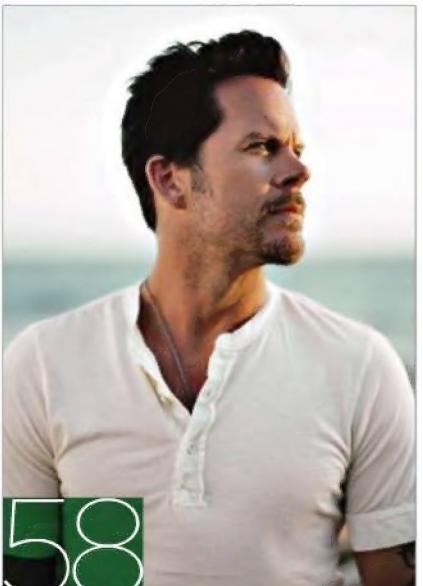
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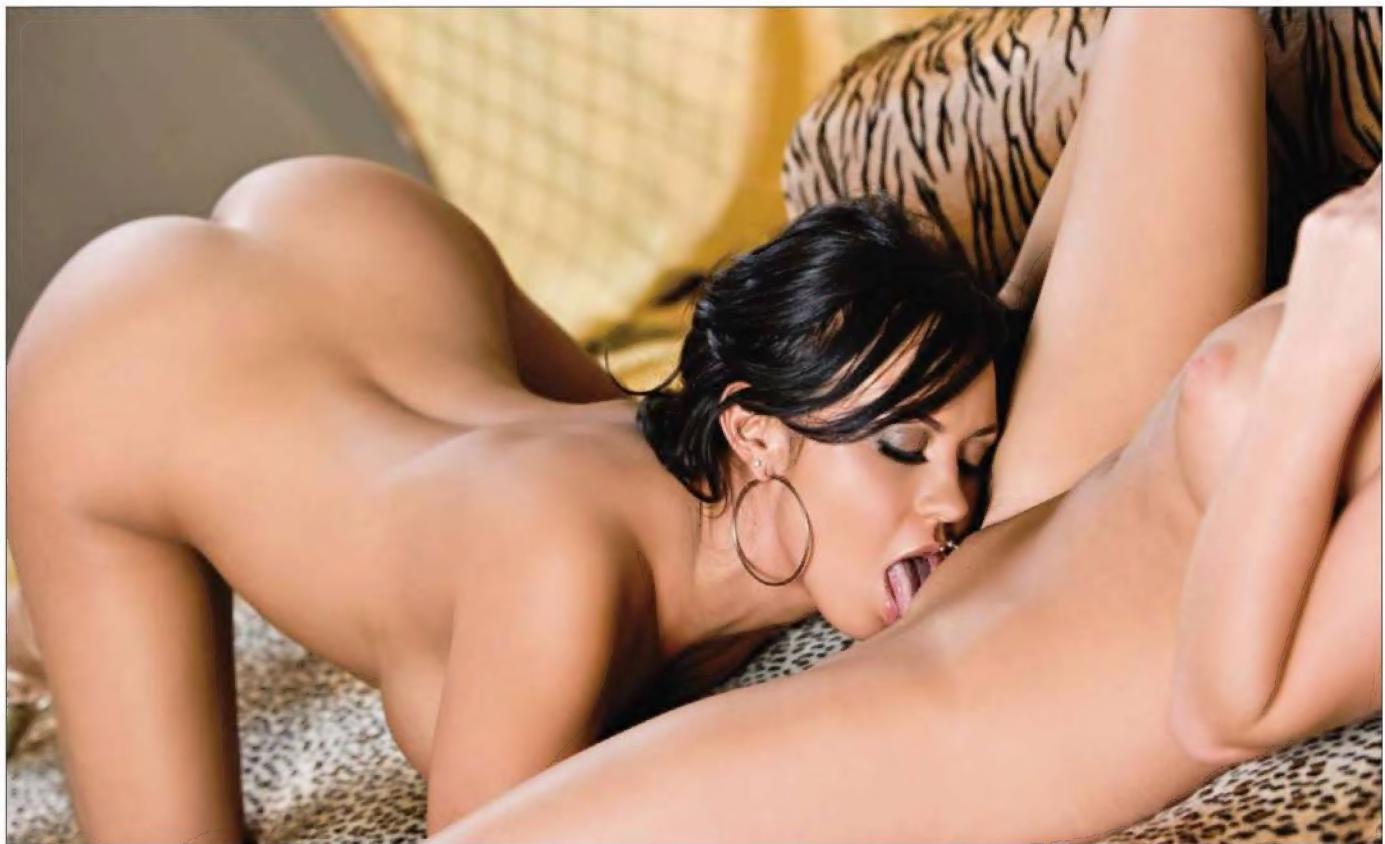
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LAST CALL

It was just a girl-crush. She was taken and so was I. But that didn't stop me from getting excited beyond reason at the mere sight of her. Hearing her voice made me melt and feel warm between my legs. I was antsy around her and found it difficult to relax.

The truth of the matter was that she made me horny and I didn't know how to hide it. I wanted to know how she kissed, how her body would feel against my skin, and how slick her pink pussy lips would get as I slid my fingers between them. I was only her bartender and she was my customer, but every night that she came in, I'd go home intoxicated with thoughts of her swimming in my head.

Then one night after closing, we were alone and I found myself looking up at her as my tongue slid gently between her slick pussy lips, while she turned to muffle her moans in a pillow. I licked from the bottom of her slit up to her clit, my tongue easily gliding through her sweet juices. Once

the tip of my tongue found her bud, I began rubbing her gently, trying to focus on her, becoming more aroused by the second. I took two fingers and began thrusting them in and out of her, exploring the inside of her with an enthusiasm I'd never felt before, feeling her muscles twitch and tighten.

She began pumping her hips in unison with my thrusting fingers as I continued licking and sucking on her clit. The louder she moaned, the wetter I got. I was dripping and aching for her to fuck me. I wanted to feel her fingers pounding inside my cunt. I wanted her to fuck me harder than I'd ever been fucked before. Just the thought of her soft hands on me made me groan and squirm. Her moans grew louder as her

inner muscles grew tighter around my plunging fingers. Then her entire body was getting warmer, then hotter, as she screamed out, "Harder!"

Her wish was my pleasure. I moved up and straddled her leg, placing one hand on her chest while still thrusting with the other. As she cried out for more, I stepped up the pace and finger-fucked her hard and fast while I rubbed my twat against her thigh.

Suddenly, the muscles in her belly tightened and her hips lifted up off the floor as she came, the force of the orgasm causing her body to spasm. Just listening to her cries of ecstasy and seeing the depth of her pleasure was enough to make me come. I felt my juices dripping onto her leg as I lost control of myself and my thrusting and humping became more frantic.

After catching my breath and licking her cream from my fingers, I moved back down her body and savored the bounty of sweet juices that I had invoked. Nothing had ever tasted so good. I could have indulged her for hours, but she had other plans, which included pushing me back and giving me a turn.—K.P., via email

I licked from the bottom of her slit up to her clit, gliding through her sweet juices. The louder she moaned, the wetter I got.

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■ GETTING EVEN

The first thing I did when I discovered my boyfriend had been cheating with my BFF was to kick his butt to the curb. The second thing was to put on my skimpiest halter top, my tightest micromini—no undies, of course—and my fuck-me heels, and head down to the closest singles bar for some revenge sex. *Some guy is going to be really lucky tonight,* I thought on my way over there.

There weren't a lot of guys at the bar when I arrived. I nursed a Mojito and waited for Mr. Right Now to come along. Twenty minutes later a really hot guy walked in. I'm not into height, but this guy looked amazing. Even in the low light of the bar, I could see he was tall, hard, and lean. He had on a black jacket and a white shirt, and his button-down jeans were tight enough to reveal the outline of what appeared to be a promising package. My cheating ex-boyfriend, who claimed to be a health nut and worked out regularly, looked soft compared to him.

He noticed me checking him out—no surprise, as I wasn't going for subtlety. We made eye contact and sized each other up for a minute. Then he came over and sat down next to me like he owned the place.

He started talking, I started flirting, and soon his hand was on my thigh. And it didn't stop there.

"No panties," he said smoothly. "Nice touch."

While his fingers lightly grazed my pussy, which was getting wetter by the second, I ran my hand up the inside of his muscular thigh to the thickness in his crotch. His cock felt big although he was only semi-hard. I made a mental note to thank my ex for his lack of discretion. I hoped he and my former best friend would be very happy together.

I asked if we could go somewhere more private. He said he knew the owner and that we could use his office—if I wanted.

I wanted. I wanted him.

I let him lead me toward a door marked PRIVATE. Once inside, he sat on the sofa and I stood between his legs. I braced my hands on his shoulders as he lifted my leg and placed my foot on his thigh, exposing my pussy. He lowered his head and his tongue swirled around my clit, sending ripples of lust through my body. He plunged it in and out of my love hole, but I let him know with words and moans that I needed more. He gave it to me with tongue and lips and fingers.



When my legs felt like jelly and he had me at the point where the only thing that would make me come was a good hard cock, I stopped him long enough to sit beside him and unzip his jeans. I saw that we had something in common. No underwear.

His thick cock popped free. I wanted to suck him hard, but I didn't think I could make any improvements to his erection. I settled for a few quick licks before grabbing a condom from my purse. Then I impressed him by rolling it on with my mouth before straddling him and lowering my pussy onto his dick. He was thicker than he looked and filled me completely. It was awesome. He felt so good inside me that I just had to take a moment to savor the sensation before I started rocking and rotating my hips a little.

He pulled up my top and popped open my bra to get to my tits. Then he sucked on my nipples, making sure he gave them equal attention. When I was ready to ride him, he gripped my hips and lifted me up and down as he thrust his big tool into me. I hadn't realized what I'd been missing, being

faithful to my boyfriend. This guy fucked me hard, and when I came, he was still going strong.

When he pulled out of me I was disappointed—until he turned me over on my hands and knees and took off his shoes and pants. Then it was his turn to do the riding. He rammed that beautiful cock back into me and fucked me to another screaming climax. I was still shuddering from that last orgasm when his body tensed up and he finally came with a deep groan, before collapsing over me.

As we lay there, panting and sweating, I wondered if I'd see him again. I'd just had the best sex in months and I certainly wouldn't mind hooking up with him now and then.

While we cleaned up and dressed, I decided to give him my business card and if he called, well, fine. If not, there were plenty more fish out there. But before I had the chance to do anything, he asked how he could get in touch with me. I wrote my cell number on the card and he glanced at it before slipping it into his pocket. When I asked how I could reach him, he plucked a card from the desk and told me I could reach him anytime. I looked at the card and realized he really did own the place.

I'm not in the market for another boyfriend yet, but I know who to call for great sex.—S.K., North Carolina

More letters on page 132

It was his turn to do the riding. He rammed that cock into me and fucked me to a screaming climax.

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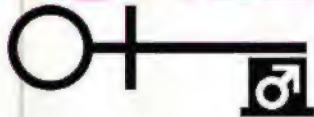
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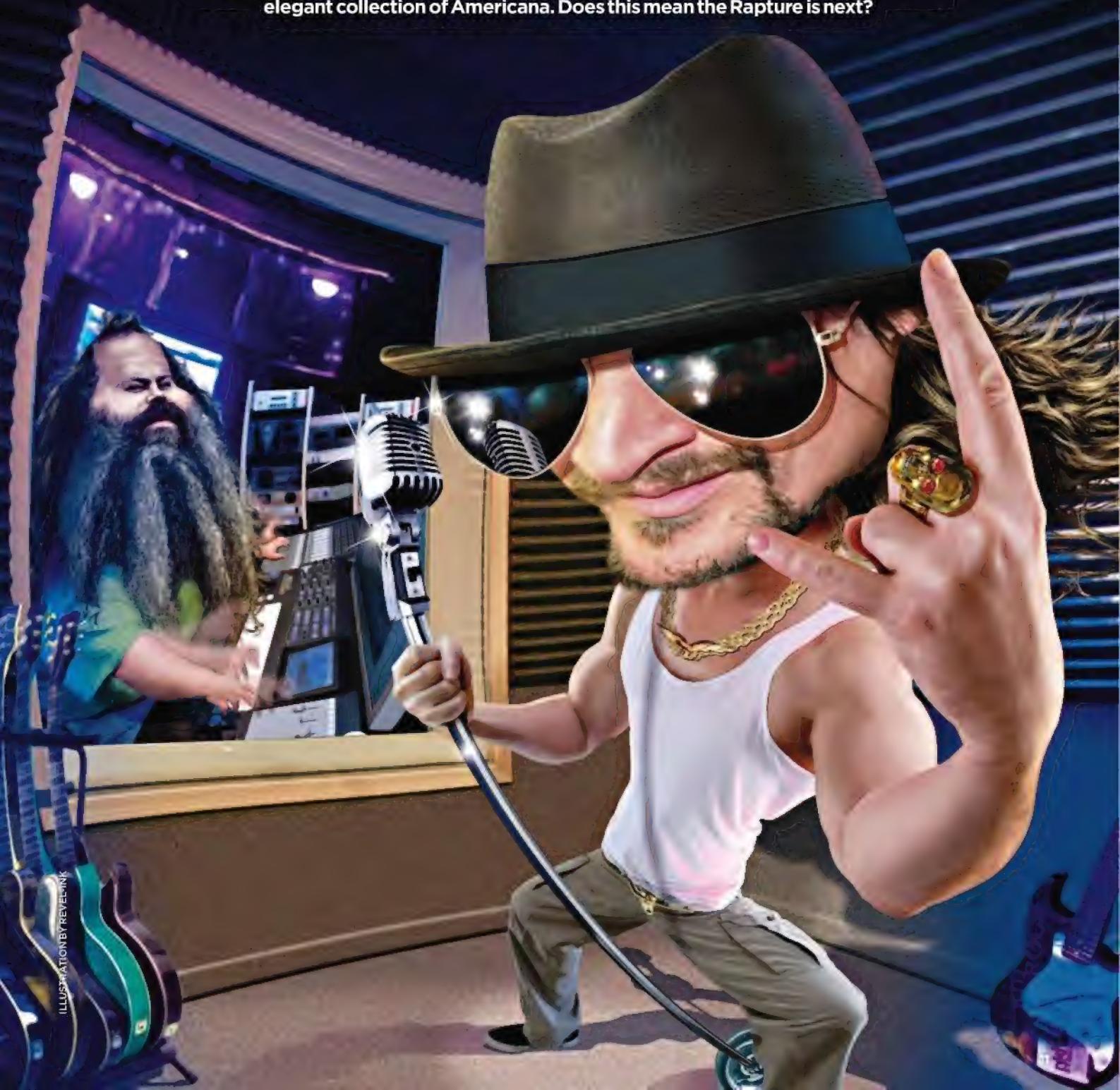
REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT

FullFrontal



Born Again

Kid Rock has been through many guises in his career—rapper, nü-metaller, good ol' boy. This month, with the help of superproducer Rick Rubin, the rock 'n' roll Jesus remakes himself once more on *Born Free*, his eighth album, an unexpectedly tasteful, elegant collection of Americana. Does this mean the Rapture is next?





HAVE STICKS, WILL TRAVEL

Meet the most influential musician you've never heard of.

By Blair Fischer

Pop quiz: What do Nine Inch Nails, Guns N' Roses, Weezer, A Perfect Circle, and Katy Perry have in common? Here's a hint: Devo,

Sting, the Replacements, the Offspring, and Avril Lavigne have it, too.

Still stumped? Actually, we could go on and list more than 200 bands to help you, but you'd still never guess the answer.

It's...Josh Freese, drummer of choice to the biggest names in music. Devo cofounder Jerry Casale says "calling Josh Freese 'a drummer' is like calling Jimi Hendrix 'a guitar player.'" In other words, the description, while accurate, falls well short of capturing the essence of its subject.

Freese is a beast who not only has recorded and/or performed with all of the above, but also has a vibrant career of his own, one that he promotes rather inventively. (Example: There are several purchase options for his recent solo album, *Since 1972*. For \$7, you get the digital download; for \$5,000, you get the album and a trip to Disneyland with Freese; and for the still-available \$75,000 package, you get the album and, among other things, a trip with Freese to Tijuana and him playing in your band for a month.)

He has played with so many artists that he believes the credits listed on his Wikipedia page—which hover at around 140—are at least 90 short. Yet outside the music business, Freese

is essentially unknown. We thought we'd take a step toward changing that, so we tracked him down (it was easy; we just followed the steady backbeat) and got him to talk about his insane work ethic, how he learns songs so quickly, and getting "Lost" with Weezer.

You've toured with Devo and Weezer simultaneously. How do you manage that?

Sometimes it's all possible and then sometimes, like last summer, it becomes impossible; I got a friend to fill in for some shows with Devo. But bands try to schedule the routing for the tour around my schedule. There are plenty of times when I'm getting sick, and I'm sleeping three hours, and I'm getting up at five to take a plane back home to Los Angeles. There's lots of extra travel and a really difficult schedule.

How long does it take you to learn the songs of all these artists?

I'm a quick study, but I do spend a lot of time doing that. I had to learn a bunch of new Weezer songs the other day. We got off the road on Sunday, and then on Thursday we're doing this

thing for Sirius radio. "You've gotta learn these eight songs by the day after tomorrow." "Oh, shit, okay."

How do you like wearing the Devo costumes?

It's fun when you start working with them, but then after years of putting them on, you're like, "God, this fuckin' thing's gnarly."

Who are the most complex artists to play with live?

I'd say Sting and Nine Inch Nails, but for very different reasons. Nine Inch Nails, we play very long sets that are very involved, and the endurance of playing very hard, fast, and loud is difficult. Trent [Reznor]'s got songs with odd time meters and tricky stuff going on instrumentally.

Sting isn't an endurance test, but he likes to change the arrangements of his songs on an almost daily basis. He'll show up at sound check and go, "You know what, we're not doing an intro tonight when we do 'Roxanne.' We're going right into the first verse and we're gonna skip the first chorus. We'll do first verse, second verse, then we'll just go into the chorus breakdown." And you're like, "Uhhh ... okay." Then you get onstage and all the shit you talked about just goes out the window. You gotta watch him at all times. There's never a dull moment, that's for goddamn sure.

You were on a small plane recently with the guy who played Hurley on *Lost* and Weezer's Rivers Cuomo, who wrote "Buddy Holly." Can you tell us about that?

I'm sitting on a runway in a private jet in Van Nuys and I see the guy from *Lost* [Jorge Garcia] walk on the plane. The second I see him I go, "Oh, great. I'm sitting on a plane with a guy from a show about a plane that goes down." That's all I could think about. Then Rivers shows, and Scott [Shriner], the bass player, says, "Hey, anybody think it's interesting that we're on a small private plane with the guy from that show *Lost*?" Now I'm freaking out in my seat. I'm like, "Yeah, let's talk about something else." Then Rivers puts up his hand and says, "And the guy who wrote 'Buddy Holly.'" And we were all laughing, but I was bummed, too. It was silly, and superstitious, but unsettling.

REVIEWS



KID ROCK

Born Free

Atlantic

★★★

Kid Rock has had one of the most preposterous—and preposterously successful—careers in pop music. After morphing from a novelty white rapper with a dwarf sidekick to a world-beating nu-metallica, he's recently made a nice living as a country-rocking good ole boy. One thing he *hadn't* done yet was make an exceptional album. Until now. *Born Free* is an immaculate collection of tasteful Americana, produced by Rick Rubin and manned by a murderers' row of Los Angeles musicians (including members of Los Lobos, the Heartbreakers, and Red Hot Chili Peppers). The Kid unsports effortlessly bluesy yarns about Saturday nights, "funny" cigarettes, and, most affectingly, the downfall of his hometown of Detroit. We did not see that coming.



KINGS OF LEON

Come Around Sundown

RCA

★★

Kings of Leon did the impossible a year ago: Despite being a rootsy rock band from Tennessee, they delivered a hit single, "Use Somebody," a sinewy yawp of stadium-size Coldplay-isms brined in buttermilk and deep-fried, dominated the airwaves in 2009. That was a neat trick, especially in the era of Ladies Gaga and Antebellum. *Come Around Sundown* sticks to the surprisingly successful script: soaring, plaintive rockers like "No Money" and "Radioactive" that sound like U2 by way of central Tennessee. Hey, if it ain't broke ...



BELLE AND SEBASTIAN

Write About Love

Matador

★★

When Belle and Sebastian emerged more than a decade ago—timidly, like church mice from under a Glasgow pew—they were the cultiest of cult bands: a bookish septet that sang haunting songs about girls who dreamt of horses. Then, adolescence: 2006's *The Life Pursuit* was a mishmash of horny (but polite!) T. Rex grooves and (very) white soul. Now, their seventh album is uncertain, perched between pop and piety. There are nods toward the dance floor, but they're overwhelmed by folksy laments. Catholic guilt is hard to shake.

PREVIEW

KANYE WEST

Dark Twisted Fantasy

Island Def Jam



Nobody wants a humble Kanye West. The mouthy emcee retreated from the spotlight last year after hurting the feelings of Taylor Swift—and a nation!—with an inebriated outburst on MTV. But Kanye, like most artists, needs a worthy adversary to bring out his best. It seems the Interruption Heard 'Round the World led him to the perfect foil: himself. Building himself up and tearing himself down—often in the same verse—West's dazzlingly diverse new album weaves in the soul of *The College Dropout*, the what-the-hell ego of *Graduation*, the WTF experimentation of *808s & Heartbreak*—and it all adds up to something wholly original. 



FLICKS

PREVIEWS

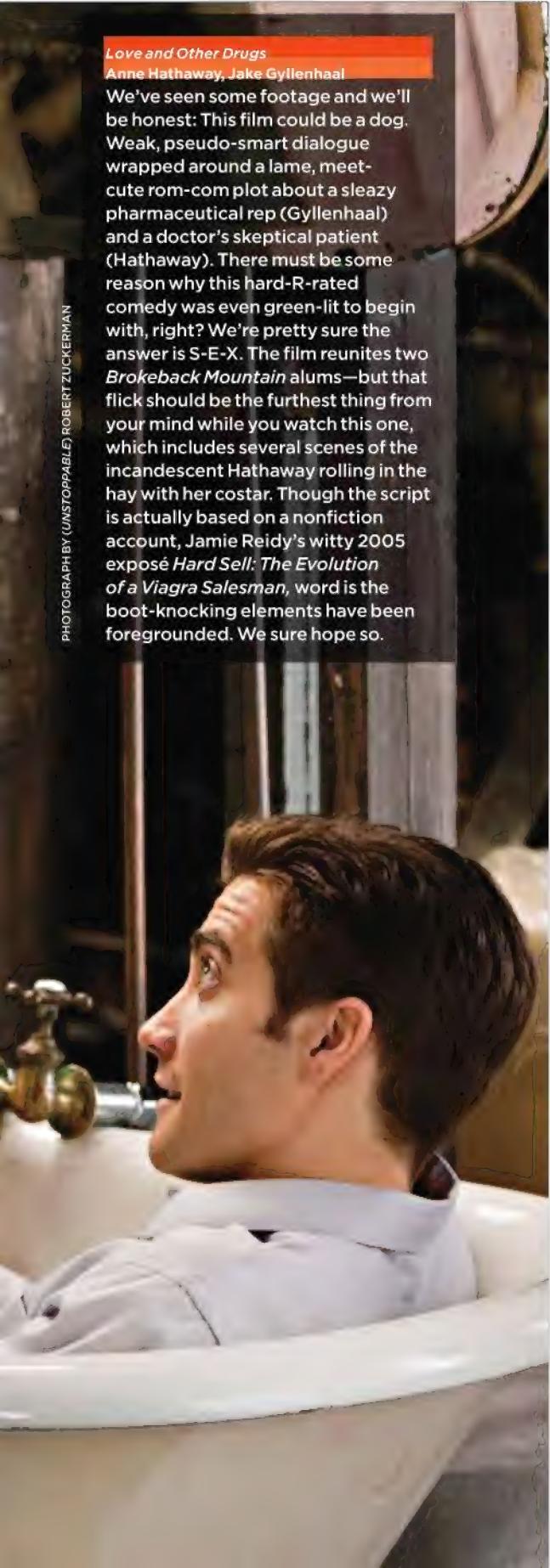


Performance Enhancer

A new romantic comedy gets a boost from its bedroom scenes.

Love and Other Drugs**Anne Hathaway, Jake Gyllenhaal**

We've seen some footage and we'll be honest: This film could be a dog. Weak, pseudo-smart dialogue wrapped around a lame, meet-cute rom-com plot about a sleazy pharmaceutical rep (Gyllenhaal) and a doctor's skeptical patient (Hathaway). There must be some reason why this hard-R-rated comedy was even green-lit to begin with, right? We're pretty sure the answer is S-E-X. The film reunites two *Brokeback Mountain* alums—but that flick should be the furthest thing from your mind while you watch this one, which includes several scenes of the incandescent Hathaway rolling in the hay with her costar. Though the script is actually based on a nonfiction account, Jamie Reidy's witty 2005 exposé *Hard Sell: The Evolution of a Viagra Salesman*, word is the boot-knocking elements have been foregrounded. We sure hope so.

***The Next Three Days*****Russell Crowe, Elizabeth Banks**

Let's just pretend *Robin Hood* never happened. Crowe is, no doubt, doing the same. He needs to find a way back to the box-office appeal he brandished circa *The Insider* and *Gladiator*; maybe it's with this romantic thriller, helmed by *Crash*'s Oscar-winning Paul Haggis. Crowe's character is a professor who has to break his wrongly arrested wife (Banks) out of custody—risking both their lives, along with that of their young son, in the process. On board to keep this premise from going slack is a killer supporting cast, which includes Brian Dennehy, Liam Neeson, and *House*'s stunning Olivia Wilde.

***Unstoppable*****Denzel Washington, Chris Pine**

Orson Welles famously called the movies the "biggest electric train set a boy ever had," and there's a good reason why Hollywood frequently returns to the railroad for plots: It's pure action gold. This latest dip in the well has Washington and *Star Trek*'s neo-Kirk Pine playing, respectively, a seasoned engineer and an impulsive conductor, both chasing a runaway freight train loaded with poisonous gases and headed toward a small town. Never mind pesky notions of logic or plausibility—the director is *Deja Vu*'s Tony Scott, who never met a ridiculous premise he couldn't whip into an enjoyable froth.

Black Swan**Natalie Portman, Mila Kunis**

Among the images we never dreamed we'd see is that of the scrumptious Kunis going down on a naked Queen Amidala, Portman, in an appetizingly sweaty congress. Thanks to Darren Aronofsky's latest, we now have, and can die happy. (Clearly, someone's been reading our fan fiction.) Aronofsky doesn't stop there, either. His latest is a bat-shit psychodrama about competing New York City ballerinas—long, wiry chicks torn between the quest for bodily perfection and ... more earthy pleasures. Fans of the director's recent *The Wrestler* should know that this is a return to the mood of his dark, stylish *Requiem for a Dream*. In other words, there are hot women who dance (and engage in the above-mentioned pursuits)—but don't go in expecting *Flashdance*.

***The Fighter*****Mark Wahlberg, Christian Bale**

Hollywood is already buzzing about this late-year awards contender, a traditional rise-from-the-canvas boxing drama starring Wahlberg as real-life fighter "Irish" Mickey Ward. Yet another flick about the sweet science might provoke some yawns, but there's a big surprise in store—namely, the return to form of Bale. He's been doing his shouty, obnoxious thing in the *Batman* movies the past few years. But how long has it been since Bale has reminded you of the brilliant performer from *American Psycho*? As Wahlberg's coulda-been-a-contendee older brother, he might be back on target.

Best Buys

This holiday season provides gift ideas for guys of all ages and interests.

**The Pacific**

HBO set the standard again for a miniseries about war with this ten-part sort-of-follow-up to *Band of Brothers*. This remarkable series, which won eight Emmys, showcased the World War II experiences of three marines in, duh, the Pacific theater, from Guadalcanal to Iwo Jima to Okinawa to, finally, the United States after Japan's surrender. The realism of the miniseries, which was based on four books as well as the filmmakers' interviews, is enhanced by the bonus features, such as the prologues for each episode (narrated by Tom Hanks) with their historical footage, a behind-the-scenes featurette, profiles of the real marines and their families, and a feature on the "anatomy" of the war in the Pacific and its "merciless brutality." The Blu-ray version also

has an "enhanced viewing" picture-in-picture feature with exclusive content, including archival footage, maps, and interviews with historians; and a stand-alone "field guide" that boasts interactive maps, interviews with historians and veterans, historical footage, and photos.

**The Bridge on the River Kwai**

This is the first high-def release of this World War II classic, which is universally considered one of the best war movies of all time. It's been released on video and standard-def DVD several times, but director David Lean's masterful storytelling and Jack Hildyard's gorgeous cinematography are the perfect fodder for a high-def transfer; Sony went back to the original print and remastered the soundtrack to 5.1 audio. Four previously released featurettes are included, as well as a new picture-in-graphics track, a segment of William Holden and Alec Guinness on *The Steve Allen Show*, and Holden's never-released narration of the premiere.

Apocalypse Now

Full Disclosure Edition
And now for a completely different look at war: Francis Ford Coppola's epic arrives on high-def in the theatrical release and the *Redux* edition, along with the documentary about making the film, *Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse*. The movies are presented in 1080p and in the original theatrical aspect ratio of 2.35:1. Previous bonus features are included, as well as new interviews with Martin Sheen, Coppola, and screenwriter John Milius, and an interview Coppola did with Roger Ebert at the 2001 Cannes Film Festival.

SCI-FIHIGHS

**Alien Anthology**

The first two movies in this series are two of the best science-fiction flicks of all time. This package also includes the other two films, of course, in addition to all the previous material that was released on video and laser disc and in the Legacy and Quadrilogy editions. There are two versions of each film, none new—all four theatrical releases, plus the 2003 director's cut of *Alien* with Ridley Scott's intro, the 1991 special edition of *Aliens* with James Cameron's introduction, and the 2003 special editions of *Alien 3* and *Alien Resurrection*.

What is new? (1) Four hours of previously unreleased bonuses, including Sigourney Weaver's screen tests, deleted scenes, movie stills, and the original cut of *Wreckage and Rage: The Making of Alien 3*. (2) Video "enhancement pods" with dailies, behind-the-scenes footage, and interview outtakes. (3) MU-TH-UR Mode, a "fully interactive companion" that provides an index of all available content, including the 60-plus hours of extras.

**Back to the Future**

30th Anniversary Blu-ray Trilogy

The first movie in this series is one of the most fun science-fiction flicks of all time—not to mention that it pretty much set the rules for pop-culture time travel for the past quarter-century. Now it's finally available on a high-definition Blu-ray disc, and it just may have been worth the wait. The picture is 1080p, and the sound has been upgraded to DTS-HD Master Audio 5.1, so it's never looked or sounded better. But the real treat here is the extras. You get a new six-part retrospective with interviews with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, director Robert Zemeckis, producers Bob Gale and Neil Canton, and executive producer Steven Spielberg. There are 16 deleted scenes and a storyboard sequence of the original proposed ending, a featurette on the science behind the films, and previously released behind-the-scenes features. Then there are the Blu-ray-specific bonuses that let you connect the dots between plot points in all three movies, bookmark favorite scenes, and use your mobile device or computer as a remote. Universal even went back to the archives and threw in a 30-minute featurette from 1989, hosted by Leslie Nielsen, that introduced the 2015 world of *BttF II*.

TV ON DVD

**South Park**

A Little Box of Butters

We don't know a *South Park* fan who doesn't love Butters, and you probably don't either. This special two-disc package boasts "It's Butters! A Trivia Game," as well as 13 episodes, including "Butters' Very Own Episode," "You Got F'd in the A," "The Simpsons Already Did It," "Butters' Bottom Bitch," and "Cartman Sucks." It comes with a pimp chain, an Inspector Butters badge, a manuscript of "The Poop That Took a Pee" from "The Tale of Scrotie McBoogerballs," and a canceled Paris Hilton check from "Stupid Spoiled Whore Video Playset."

DOCUMENTARY
OF THE MONTH**Pelada**

Need something for that friend who spent last summer glued to every World Cup broadcast? Look no further than this ode to the beautiful game at the grassroots level. The premise is simple: Two former college stars, Luke Boughey and Gwendolyn Oxenham, traveled to 25 countries to play pickup soccer with the locals. The footage they captured is nothing short of extraordinary: games with moonshiners from a dire slum in Kenya, inmates in a Bolivian prison, and hijab-swaddled women in Iran. Any football fan will immediately recognize that this documentary is a criminally overlooked gem.—John Bolster



Cock Teasers

Free TV and basic cable are no longer sexual wastelands.

By Jeremy Elias

In case you haven't noticed, there's now more sex on your living room television than in the midnight movie rentals at the Holiday Inn Express. Networks and basic cable are desperately trying to keep our attention by adding more risqué content to their everyday programs. And frankly, who are we to complain?

Gone is the playful innuendo of *Three's Company*, and who can imagine a modern-day *The Facts of Life* without a weekly lesbian scene

between Tootie, Jo, and Blair? We now live in an age of *Desperate Housewives* and *Cougar Town*. The FCC advocates who used to write letters over every visible panty line can no longer keep the networks tame.

Here are some often overlooked suggestions to supplement your quality, high-priced erotic viewing. The action doesn't really challenge what you'll see on the Penthouse Channel, but, sometimes you need to keep it clean, so to speak.

■ Shimmy (FitTV)

FitTV, the exercise-focused sister of Discovery Channel, is perfect if you just want to play spectator to active chicks in sports bras.

Perhaps the most shocking is *Shimmy*, a show devoted solely to belly dancing. It's a tutorial of sorts for the stay-at-home mom or the stripper looking to diversify her routine. But for our purposes, it's gorgeous women with gyrating bare midriffs. Add in the exotic soundtrack and seductively lit set, and 22 minutes of *Shimmy* will make even a eunuch rise to the occasion.

■ Everyday Italian with Giada De Laurentiis (Food Network)

Aside from being aroused by obvious sexual encounters, it's sometimes the more subtle scenarios that excite us—a seductive glance or a blonde suggestively eating a banana. But on rare occasions, it's an Italian brunette cooking a veal picatta with

half her breasts hanging out.

Such is the case with Giada De Laurentiis. In an effort to overshadow equally stunning Food Network vixen Nigella Lawson, Giada has embraced the low-hanging V-neck like no other. Couple this with the occasional Italian dialect, dough kneading, and leaning toward the camera, and you have the first culinographic program to hit the airwaves.

■ Total Gym infomercial with Christie Brinkley

Infomercials have a strangely addictive quality. We know what we're seeing isn't real, yet we yearn for more. And though the ShamWow guy is intriguing and the late Billy Mays was comforting, Christie Brinkley is hot. Really hot.

Star of the Total Gym infomercial, Brinkley does calisthenics in spandex and spreads her perfectly toned legs while selling the heck out of her Total Gym. It's one of the most popular paid programs, which makes the whole experience feel a little cheap, but whatever the case, Brinkley still has it. A lot of it.

■ Bad Girls Club (Oxygen Channel)

The Oxygen Channel is not just for Betty Friedan groupies looking to unleash their womanhood. Viewer demographics have started to shift



ing their postadolescent angst in the locker room. The writing isn't great, but the lingerie is top-notch.

■ She's Got the Look (TV Land)

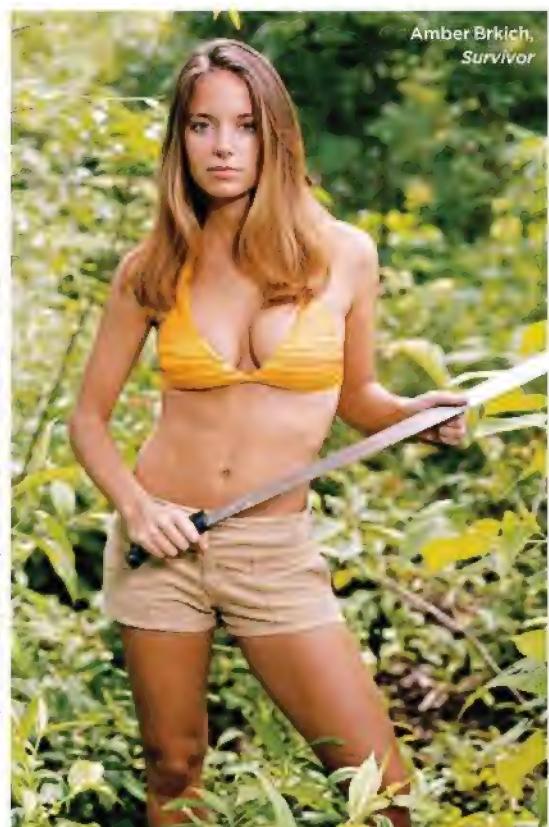
TV Land is a great destination for that nostalgic look back at television's golden age. But reruns of *Leave It to Beaver* and *Bonanza* don't really garner the same reaction as aspiring models competing in swimsuit shoots. *She's Got the Look* is TV Land's original reality show in which the neighborhood MILFs, all over 35, attempt to become the next *SELF* magazine cover girl.

Though this might sound like a turnoff, it's quite the opposite. These women have real quality, and with a starting cast of ten, TV Land provides the viewer a buffet of Mrs. Robinsons willing to try on anything. Enhancing all this is the new host of season three: Brooke Burke.

■ Survivor (CBS)

The most mainstream program on the list, *Survivor* gets credit for being the reality show that ignited the barrage of quality programs like *My Big Fat Obnoxious Fiancé* and *Farmer Wants a Wife*. But who can deny the appeal of scantily dressed women who would do just about anything for another week of immunity?

Amber Brkich,
Survivor



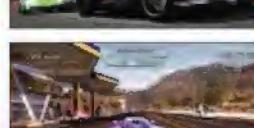
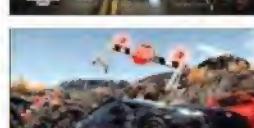
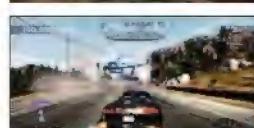
due to the past four seasons of *Bad Girls Club*, a reality show that puts seven self-proclaimed "bad girls" under one roof. And since a common trait among bad girls is paranoid schizophrenia and large breasts, the late-night catfights can be captivating.

One of this show's recent highlights: miniskirt-wearing Natalie tackles Kendra into some nearby sidewalk foliage. And don't forget the time cast member Kate, whose Dolly Parton torso is busting out of her tee, ignites a feisty, late-night argument with bisexual bad girl Florina.

■ Blue Mountain State (Spike TV)

Many Spike TV shows, like *Manswers*, are all about T&A. But for something with a little storyline, tune into *Blue Mountain State*. This show about college football players and cheerleaders at a fictional university features an array of young women in two-sizes-too-small panties, unleash-

PREVIEWS



Need for Speed: Hot Pursuit

EA (Xbox 360, PS3)

Gran Turismo rules racing simulation, but a handful of franchises continue to jockey for the top position in arcade racing. This year, *Need for Speed* has *Burnout's* Criterion development team behind it, and they've combined the original PS2 *Hot Pursuit* idea of playing as a cop or an illegal race-car driver with the ability to burn rubber in an open world and compete online against up to seven of your friends.

Rocks: There's more than 100 miles of road to cover on four wheels. If

you race well enough, you earn a radar jammer that will help you evade the fuzz. If you're carrying a badge, you can drop spike strips in front of drivers breaking the law, then watch them lose control. Any car—from a Dodge Charger to the most high-end sports car—can be used as a police ride.

Flops: Maneuvering your car with grace, especially around tight corners, takes some serious practice; this may annoy newbies. At least the damage doesn't screw up the handling—usually.



James Bond: Bloodline

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, PC, DS)

The recent reboot of *GoldenEye* is only available for the Wii. But if you want to get some Bond action on another system, you're still in luck. Daniel Craig will be coming to your console in a game based on an original story written by the screenwriter of *Tomorrow Never Dies* and *The World Is Not Enough*. The action will take 007 from Athens to Bangkok and locales in between.

Rocks: The very sexy Joss Stone (left) is your Bond girl. You not only drive gorgeous automobiles, but you get behind the wheel on the waves, too. The intense action, a 16-player spies-versus-mercenaries mode, and solid cover mechanics will please shooter fans.

Flops: We haven't seen anything yet to dissuade us from checking it out.



Castlevania: Lords of Shadow

Konami (Xbox 360, PS3)

Not a single recent 3-D title has been a real success in the minds of critics and gamers. Still, Konami is trying again with its vampire-hunting franchise, with help from *Metal Gear Solid's* Hideo Kojima. You play a member of a group of knights and must retrieve the pieces of a God Mask to bring your wife back to life.

Rocks: The classic *Castlevania* weapons, such as daggers and holy water, remain. The difficulty ramps up as you progress. The narration is by Patrick Stewart.

Flops: It's hard for a game to avoid feeling like a *God of War* clone when it stars a character armed with a retractable weapon who fights huge monsters in a dark, atmospheric land. The whip is used for scaling walls. Say what?

New Tech: Kinect

Reach out and don't touch ... your controller.

For years now we've been giving you technical specs on hardware. This one is pretty straightforward: You're the controller. Microsoft's \$150 device features a camera, a mike, and a 3-D motion sensor that perfectly tracks your entire body. Put it close to your television, stand back about five feet, and get ready to play. It's designed to work on every edition of the Xbox 360, whether you're still holding on to your Core or you've got the new, slimmed-down version.

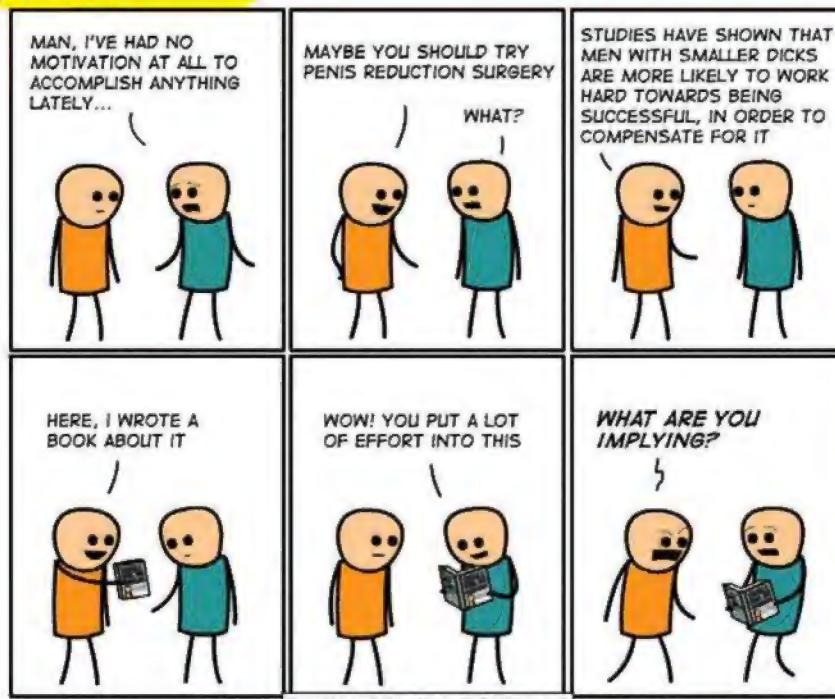
The games available at launch, like fitness titles and *Dance Central*—a learn-to-dance title developed by the team behind *Rock Band*—might have your girlfriend commanding your Xbox 360. We expect more hard-core titles to arrive by spring. For now, check out the tech with these:

KINECT ADVENTURE

This was our favorite Kinect title from E3 and, convenient for you, it's packaged with the new gear. It got our whole body involved, and kept our interest as we jumped, leaned, and whacked virtual items with our hands to survive 12 mini-games that took us through river rapids, into space stations, and beyond.

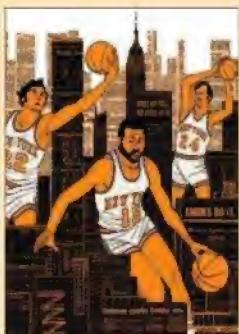
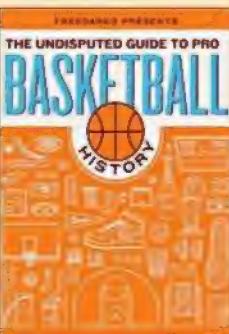
KINECT JOY RIDE

This is arcade racing at its most pure. You pretend your hands are on a wheel and drive through courses and around obstacles in five different modes. To rack up more points, move your body and arms in different directions to pull off big stunts and nab huge air.



Cyanide and Happiness © Explosm.net

twitter.com/robdenblyker for bonus panel later today



The hip (not to say hipster) blogging collective FreeDarko—including Bethlehem Shoals, Dr. Lawyer IndianChief, and others—made a splash in 2008 with *The Macro-phenomenal Pro Basketball Almanac*, an expressionistic overview of today's NBA, boosted immeasurably by spectacularly fresh graphics. Here, in another

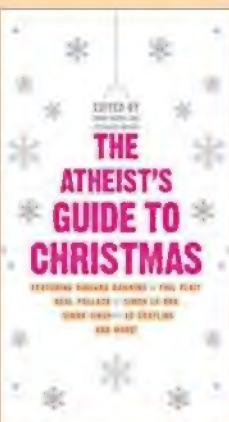
volume from Bloomsbury USA, they take a similar approach to the game's history, starting with James Naismith's peach baskets in 1891 and threading another entertaining and visually dazzling path back to the current era of LeBron, in-game Twitterers, and "Where Amazing Happens."—John Bolster

Coal-Black Stocking Stuffer

A new book of comics makes just the right gift for the sick-humor lover on your list.



Cyanide and Happiness © Explosm.net



Hermione Eye ponders why "Atheist Assertiveness Training" is, for the most part, a contradiction in terms. Comedian Jamie Kilstein looks at how religion, or lack thereof, ruined a great relationship, when he said to his atheist girlfriend, "Just shut up and... pretend to believe in something so you don't have to burn forever." He later "couldn't understand why she didn't see the romance in this." The Events section shines a light on those who have publicly declared themselves atheists and organized around this identity in various ways, from running a magazine to designing an atheist bus campaign. They balance the more humorous pieces without being preachy. Stuck on a holiday gift for your favorite atheist? This book will fill him with Christmas-like cheer. —John Bolster

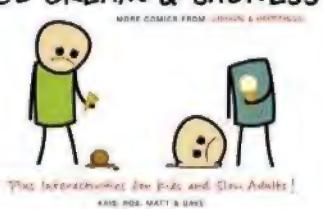
Ice Cream & Sadness: More Comics From Cyanide & Happiness

By Kris, Rob, Matt & Dave

This compilation from It Books is based on the popular web-comic of the same name, and it is simultaneously disturbing and LOL-funny. Nothing is sacred to these guys. One strip has a clown drawing a penis on a kid's face, while another

launches Jesus into midair ("I glide for your sins"). The ultrasimple stick figure drawings add kick to the absurdity, as the authors skewer everything from flashers to potheads to *Grease*. Some of the humor is juvenile—no, wait, all of it is—but that doesn't mean it won't crack you up.

ICE CREAM & SADNESS



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"BEST PLACE for
dinner and a dance"

- *Esquire Magazine*

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thing is how nicely
topless dancing
enhances the eating
of GOOD FOOD,
and the other
way around.

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HOLIDAYS INWRAPPED

It's that time of year again, and we're here to help you give your girl ideas for lots of unique gifts. They may not all be naughty, but they're undeniably nice.



GEARING UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS

When making your list and checking it twice,
remember your friends in the garage.

By Bill Heald

■ JOBY GORILLATORCH FLARE

Joby.com • \$35

Thanks to the march of technology, the days when you had a crap flashlight (typically with dead batteries) in your glove box are fading away. Now, we have a plethora of slick, energy-efficient LED emergency lights available, and none is cooler or more useful than the Gorillatorch Flare. Sure, it looks like a martian war machine from *War of the Worlds*, but it's a wicked-bright flashlight, multimode red strobe (for telling motorists you're changing a tire on the shoulder), and an incredibly flexible work light with magnetic feet you can set up anywhere. Brilliant.



■ POWERTRAVELLER STARTMONKEY

PowerTravellerUSA.com • \$200

Nothing can ruin your day like jumping into your ride to pick up that special date, turning the key, and hearing dead silence. Don't panic. Instead, grab the Startmonkey, attach it to your battery via its crocodile clips, and after eight seconds turn the key. Startmonkey is the world's smallest jump-start system, and has an ultracompact, ultrapowerful polymer battery that stays strong for years between charges and can save your bacon when your car battery fails. An included female DC power port lets you charge portable gadgets as well.



■ GPS ANGEL

GPSAngel.com • \$99

Here's a very important tip for anyone who ventures outside and drives somewhere on public roads: Big Brother is watching. The proliferation of speeding- and red-light cameras that shoot a picture of you if software thinks you're a scofflaw means you need an angel on your dash to warn you where they are. The GPS Angel comes loaded out of the box with more than 5,000 location and orientation data points of these devices in the U.S. and Canada (plus web updates), and warns you with both light and sound when you're nearing one, and if you're speeding.



■ GRIOT'S GARAGE STARTER CAR CARE KIT

GriotsGarage.com • \$60

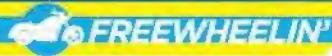
Whether you drive a Ferrari or a Festiva, it's prudent to keep your ride in impeccable shape in terms of the aura and luster of the paint you display to the world. Griot's Garage has the gold standard of washes, polishes, and everything in between to not only groom your hoopy's hue, but also get the best out of whatever finish you've got. The Starter Car Care Kit has everything you need to gently but decisively remove life's ick from your machine and reveal the gem beneath (even if it is a Festiva).

■ CARMD

CarMD.com • \$99

Is your check-engine light on? That glowing goober tells you almost nothing, whether your gas cap needs tightening or all hell has broken loose under the hood. CarMD helps diagnose what's wrong; you simply plug the unit into the diagnostic port (usually found below the steering column) and it downloads your car's trouble codes. Then you plug it into your PC and go online, where the CarMD site will analyze the codes and tell you why your light was tripped. The site also displays recalls, service bulletins, and a wealth of other information.





■ ARAI RX-Q

AraiAmericas.com • \$540 and up

When Arai says the RX-Q was created to be the ultimate street helmet, it's a very big deal. Arai is famous for hand-making incredibly advanced, well-ventilated, and quiet lids that are not only designed for state-of-the-art protection but all-day comfort—even under demanding conditions. The RX-Q features a lightweight, aerodynamic shell that is engineered for a lower center of gravity, and sports an extra-wide eye port for superior peripheral vision. The vents move air well even at slower speeds so you can keep your cool, and sizes range from extra small to extra extra large.



■ GARMIN ZÜMO 665

Garmin.com • \$1,000

If you think only car drivers get to enjoy GPS navigation, you're wrong. While there are factory GPS systems available on some big tour bikes, the Garmin Zümo 665 is a rugged unit that you can attach to any motorcycle, thanks to a well-engineered mounting system. The weatherproofed device has a 4.3-inch touch display that works fine when wearing gloves, full Bluetooth capability, and an XM satellite-radio antenna. With a Sirius XM subscription, you'll have satellite radio as well as weather-radar graphics at your fingertip. A car mount is included, for when the snow hits.

■ CHATTERBOX XB12

ChatterBoxUSA.com • \$230

There you are, out for a stimulating Sunday ride with your buds, and you want to tell the riders behind you about a nasty pothole you just encountered in the apex of a turn. You could shout, but it's likely nobody will hear you. Enter ChatterBox, and the XB12 wireless bike-to-bike intercom system. This simple-to-install unit lets up to three ChatterBox-equipped riders talk up to 1,640 feet apart, and Bluetooth technology lets you stream audio from your Bluetooth-equipped devices, including phones, MP3 players, and even GPS units. ChatterBox also has Bluetooth adapters for many devices.



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Cheer Gear

Stuff the stockings of everyone on your naughty and nice lists with toys and tools.

By Crispin Boyer



■ ZonePlayer S5

Sonos • \$400

Nothing foils a perfectly laid home-stereo master plan like drywall. The ZonePlayer S5 wireless music system circumvents the need to drill holes and run speaker cable throughout your house to pipe tunes into rooms far from your music source. Just connect the S5 to your router or through a sold-separately wireless adapter and stream music from your iTunes library or hundreds of free online services (Pandora, Napster, Sirius, etc.) and stations. Buy multiple ZonePlayers to spread music wirelessly to every room, then use your iPhone or iPad to play house deejay via a slick and easy-to-use free app.



■ HTC HD7

Microsoft/HTC • \$200 with two-year T-Mobile contract

The HD7, which is being billed as Microsoft's fresh take on smartphones, feels more like something out of an alternate dimension. Its interface is divided up into sliding, tile-based hubs (People, Marketplace, Zune music player, etc.) that incorporate services that other phones treat as separate applications. The People hub, for instance, culls contacts from your Facebook profile and provides real-time status updates. The Games hub integrates your Xbox Live avatar and Gamerscore, while many of the games are scaled-down spin-offs of Xbox 360 titles. A decent virtual keyboard and Microsoft Office suite means the phone works as hard as it plays. The whole experience is zippy, bold, and a bit befuddling for those weaned on the more rigidly organized iPhone and Android interfaces.



■ Icon iPhone charger

Essential TPE • \$50

Form equals function with this nifty iPhone external battery that looks just like the phone's charge indicator (hence the pretentious name). Snap the battery into the power port of your iPhone 3G or 3GS and boost talk time by three hours, Wi-Fi browsing by five hours, and audio playback by 18 hours. The unique display ticks away its remaining charge just like the iPhone's own indicator. The downside: The Icon is nearly as large as the iPhone itself, making it a little hard to cram the combo into your pocket.

■ Key-chain speaker amp

ThinkGeek.com • \$10

For those about to stuff a stocking, we salute you with this Lilliputian Peavey-style amp that does double duty as a key chain and an actual amplification device. Just don't expect to rattle the rafters when you plug the puny speaker into your iPod/iPhone/iAnything's headphone jack and crank the volume to 11. The amp sounds amazingly loud and

clear ... for a key chain. The internal battery is rechargeable via USB cable, so you can rock out with your car keys out for hours. Or until the novelty wears off.



■ LUMIX DMC-FZ100

Panasonic • \$500

You'll never get the look of a Penthouse Pet photo session with your grainy smartphone camera or that dinky digital point-and-shoot. Step up to the big leagues with the latest entry in Panasonic's Lumix line of hybrid cameras (so-called because they combine the pro-level features of bulkier DSLR cameras with the simplicity of pocket shooters). The FZ100's standout feature is its powerful 24x optical-zoom lens for snapping faraway action. An 11-shots-per-second burst mode captures images at 14.1-megapixel resolution, and you can record 1080p video. And the FZ100 offers so many newbie-friendly features—face detection, auto focus, image stabilization—that you won't need a weekend class at the Learning Annex to take the perfect picture.



Microsoft's fresh take on smartphones feels like something out of an alternate dimension.



Xmas Declarations grenade ornaments

Suck UK • \$19

Tinsel and plastic icicles are for sissies. Real men decorate their Christmas trees with high explosives—or at least reasonable facsimiles thereof. These shiny, shrapnel-encased baubles arm your tree for action-movie duty and support a worthy cause—a portion of every purchase goes to the social-justice-seeking artist collective Ctrl.Alt.Shift. Grab a box of grenades, available by the half-dozen from hip housewares seller Suck UK, and hide them on the dark side of your tree, or buy in bulk and dress that Douglas fir Sly Stallone-style.



Desktop fireplace

Yanko Design • \$365

Create the perfect setting for interoffice romance or a holiday celebration with this desktop fireplace, fashioned from two 7.5-inch stainless-steel oil lamps shaped like logs. The lamps emit a flickering flame small enough to appease worrywart office managers but charming enough to inspire a round of "Kumbaya" during Monday-morning conference calls. A heavy-duty slate base protects your desk from scorch marks. Just don't blame us if your team-building s'mores session sets off the sprinkler system.



USB holiday lights

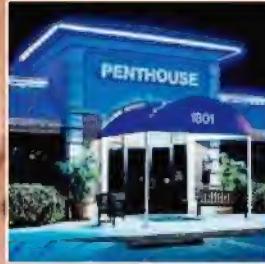
ThinkGeek.com • \$10

Deck the walls of your cubicle, home office, or favorite coffee-shop squatting spot with this six-foot string of holiday lights powered by any free USB port on your PC or laptop. The string of 18 lights is bright enough to fill your office with a festive glow, yet low enough in power consumption to go easy on your laptop's battery. The lights come in Christmas-themed red and green or a season-neutral white that will help you avoid angry glares if they twinkle past New Year's Day.

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Holiday T&A

Blow a wad on blowing your wad?
Our twenty-first-century rogue tells
you how to get away with it.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,
My wife gave me \$400 in strip-club funny money as an early Christmas gift and told me her only rule was that I take her with me when I spend it. But the other night when I was getting wasted with my boys, we ended up getting a champagne suite and one of the dancers all but went "ho, ho, ho" on me. Now my wife keeps asking when we're going out for lap dances, and I don't know what to do. I know she's trying to be a good sport, because she isn't one for strip clubs, but she'll turn redder than Rudolph's nose after an eggnog bender if she finds out I went without her. Christmas means a lot to her, and I can already tell she's going to be hurt if I don't take her up on her gift soon, but I don't have the spare cash to buy more beaver bucks and pretend I never spent the original ones—unless I don't get her a Christmas present.

Y

ou're definitely in a sticky situation, but you can use your wife's cluelessness about strip clubs to your advantage. First off, do you have a friend who can pose as a stripper and wouldn't mind giving you and the wife a grind for free? Say that old college fuck buddy? Or maybe there's a chick from your area on AdultFriendFinder.com who's looking to indulge a stripper fantasy. Have your ringer at the club wearing half a gallon of perfume and a little sequined number, posing as house talent. She can chat up you and your wife at the bar for a few minutes, then invite you into a VIP suite. Even if you have to pay off a bouncer to get in there, you'll come out ahead. Of course, unless you're an extremely lucky man, things won't go so far that you'll get \$400 worth of action, but your wife probably won't know that. And it's not like she'll hold it against you when you tell her you're opting out of another dance because the club girls pale in comparison to her.

Or you could skip the elaborate ruse, walk into the club, and tell her you don't feel right about being with anyone other than her. Then you can just feast your eyes on the T&A. 

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ADVANCED-LEVEL BEER GEAR

Add some sophistication to your sudsing with these holiday gifts—that doesn't mean you need to give them to other people.

By Camper English

Varietal Beer Glass Set
KegWorks.com • \$35
Nothing says "fancy beer geek" more than a different glass for each bottle of brew. This set of four glasses is specially designed to serve Belgian, wheat, and pilsner beers, plus there's an imperial pint glass that will work for just about anything. The glasses bring out the best aromatics and appropriate carbonation for each beer you pour. That is, as long as you can remember which glass is which.

Dog Collar
Bark4Beer.com • \$20
Man's best friend can lead the blind or sniff out a bomb, but until dogs grow opposable thumbs they'll never be able to open beer bottles. Help your pooch out and pick up the Bark4Beer collar with a built-in bottle opener. Any time the dog is around you'll have access to the frosty brew in front of you. Now you'll just need to teach him to come when you call.

BrewMaster Kegerator
HaierAmerica.com • \$600
The Kegerator chills half-, quarter-, or mini-barrel kegs, has wheels so you can move it closer to your mouth, and includes shelves should you be desperate enough to use it as an actual refrigerator. Don't think of it as promoting excessive alcohol consumption at home—think of it as a bulk purchase to lighten your carbon footprint by eliminating all those cans and bottles. See how we did that?

■ Rapid Blitz Chiller

CooperCooler.com • \$40

With a few chunks of ice and a power outlet, this little gizmo can turn a room-temperature can of beer refrigerator-cold in two minutes or make a bottle frosty in six. It comes in handy if your refrigerator is full of useless food or you don't want to reach further than to the side of the recliner for a cold one.



■ Home Brewing Starter Kit

SanFranciscoBrewCraft.com

• \$90 to \$150

Do you need a hobby to keep you out of the bars? Home brewing is a far better choice than collecting vintage cookie jars. These kits from San Francisco Brewcraft contain all the buckets, hoses, siphons, and other necessary gear to get you started on your first batch—even the grains to make five gallons of beer. You'll need some empty bottles to fill with the fruits of your labor, so you have our permission to buy a few 12-packs while you're waiting for the kit to come in the mail. —OH

■ Around the World Beer of the Month Club

HalfTimeBeverage.com

• \$135 for three months

It's beer and it comes in the mail. Are we done talking? If this basic premise hasn't convinced you to whip out your credit card, consider that you can order a monthly package of hard-to-find American microbrews, German lagers, Belgian beers, or a mix from around the globe. It's like a staycation for your mouth.





[this year's models]

2011 Pet of the Year PLAY OFF

It's time to take a *Penthouse*-style look back at the year that's drawing to an end—with sexy, sultry visual aids.

Before we announce the successor to Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen, refresh your memories of the 2010 Pets of the Month with our Pet Playoff.

2010 PET
OF THE YEAR
Taylor
Vixen



Jessica Wilson

JANUARY 2010

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

22 years old
34-28-36; 6'2"

Hometown:

Hernando, Mississippi.

**Favorite thing about
your hometown:**

It's close to Memphis, and
I love the country and
rural areas of Mississippi.

Favorite food:

Italian, Mexican, soul food.

Favorite way to relax:
Sip wine at the beach.

You're always up for:
A good time.

You're never up for:
Drama.

“My perfect guy has a tall order to fulfill...literally. He'll be taller than I am and about my age, funny, and have a big heart. And since the most exciting place I've ever made love is on a boat in the middle of the ocean, he'll have a big boat, too.”





Heidi Baron

FEBRUARY 2010

Photograph by Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

21 years old
34C-24-33; 5'8"

Hometown:
Erlangen, Germany.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
The traditional food and beer.

You'd like to go to:
South Africa. I've always wanted to go on a safari tour.

Favorite foods:
Spaghetti bolognese, sushi, seafood.

Favorite drinks:
Coca-Cola, Margaritas, Mojitos.

Favorite music:
House music from great deejays, rock bands like Green Day, Kings of Leon, Fall Out Boy, etc.

Favorite sports:
Track and field, soccer, American football.

“The most amazing sexual experience I've ever had was having multiple orgasms during a threesome with two other women while my boyfriend watched.”

Jelena Jensen

MARCH 2010

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

28 years old
34F-27-36; 5'10"

Hometown:
Los Angeles.

**Your dream travel
experience:**

A polar-bear excursion
in Canada during their
annual migration.

Your ideal date:

Sushi, a movie, and
rough, dirty sex!

Favorite music:

Rock—sixties garage,
seventies old-school
punk, nineties
alternative.

**Would you ever have
sex with a stranger?**

Been there, done that.

**What do you have that
other girls don't?**

Big ol' natural titties and
a booty to go with them!

“I don't worry
about a three-
date rule, or
when it's the right
time to have sex
when I'm dating
someone new. I
sleep with a guy
first to see if I want
to date him! ”



A full-body, nude photograph of Nikki Benz. She is positioned in a three-quarter pose, facing slightly towards the right. Her long, blonde hair flows down her back and over her shoulder. She is leaning forward, with one arm resting on her thigh and the other supporting her weight on a surface. Her legs are spread wide, and she is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression.

Nikki Benz

APRIL 2010

Photograph by Phillip'e

Vital stats:

28 years old
34DD-24-34; 5'5"

Hometown:
Toronto.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
It's such a multicultural city, so you can find all types of food there.

Favorite movies:

Scarface, Goodfellas, Casino, The Hangover, There's Something About Mary, Wedding Crashers.
I'm a mobster/comedy kind of girl.

What music gets you in the mood?

Any sexy song that I can thrust my hips to.

Favorite workout:

Sex. And feature dancing is my secret to staying in shape.

The most daring thing you've ever done:

Run naked across the street in South Beach on a dare. I can't believe I had the balls to do it!

“The most exciting place I've ever made love is on a cruise ship going over the Panama Canal. We could have gotten caught at any time, as we were having sex in a public area at night on a deck chair. It was amazing!”

Roxanna

MAY 2010

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
23 years old
34DD-24-34; 5'5"

Hometown:
Moscow.

Favorite drink:
Vodka. At the end of the day, I am Russian.

**What music gets you in
the mood?**
I love a Latin beat.

Your biggest turn-on:
A big, dominant man
who can give me a good
seeing-to.

Your biggest turnoff:
Making love.

You're always up for:
Anal loving.

You're never up for:
Morning sex. I'm too
lazy.

**If you could be anyone
in history:**
I'd be Cleopatra, so I could
whip all my sexy slaves.

“ My favorite fantasy is a very dirty gang bang. And since I'll admit that I once had an incredible sexual experience with three hot guys, I'll bet now you can imagine how dirty that gang bang would be. ”





Eva Angelina

JUNE 2010

Photograph by
Cisco Lamessi

Vital stats:
25 years old
36D-26-34; 5'3"

Hometown:
Orange County, California.

Favorite drink:
Let's just say I try to be careful when I'm drinking shots. Those can get you into trouble real fast.

Favorite vacation spot:
Las Vegas. Once, when I was staying at the Hard Rock, I got a little tipsy. I left my clothes in the cabana at the pool. I walked through the hotel in my barely there bikini, tits hanging out, in cute gold heels. But in Vegas, that fits right in.

Your dream vacation:
I wish I could go over to Iraq to visit the troops, but I don't think the military flies out porn stars to meet with the soldiers.

“I was very into being sexually adventurous as a teen. I loved filming myself, and exploring my sexuality. Of course I ended up going into porn! Even before I worked in adult entertainment, I had filmed myself with more than one man, and with more than one guy at a time.”

Lela Star

JULY 2010

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

24 years old
32D-19-23; 5'0"

Hometown:

Miami.

**Favorite thing about
your hometown:**

It's tropical, and the
people are sexy.

Favorite vacation spot:

Anywhere warm. I don't
do cold.

Favorite TV show:

Anything reality-based.
I'm obsessed.

Favorite movie:

House of 1000 Corpses.
It's sooo weird, and I
love weird.

**The hottest movie sex
scene:**

All of mine! Duh.

**When are you
happiest?**

There are plenty of
moments when I'm
happy... Like when I get
a new pair of Christian
Louboutin heels and I
parade around my house
in nothing else.

“I love being
a nude model
because I love
looking sexy, and
getting to touch
myself in front of
other people is a
huge turn-on!”





Mckenzee Miles

AUGUST 2010

Photograph by Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

23 years old
34C-24-34; 5'4"

Hometown:
Canby, Oregon.

Favorite drink:
Starbucks, white wine.

Favorite kind of music:
I'm a country girl, but I like variety. I love listening to Britney Spears when I'm doing a photo shoot.

What music gets you in the mood?
R&B! Throw on some Marvin Gaye.

The most daring thing you've ever done:
Rock jumping and bridge jumping into the water while camping at Lake Shasta. I'm always the first to go.

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger?
Well, as an adult actress, it's in my job description.

“I had really hot sex with a guy who was kind of forbidden fruit. He was my ex's boss. There is just some aspect of doing something ‘wrong’ that turns me on.”

Isis Taylor

SEPTEMBER 2010

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
20 years old
34C-24-39; 5'9"

Hometown:
Sherman Oaks,
California.

Favorite food:
Peruvian.

Favorite drink:
Jamba Juice smoothies.

**What music gets you in
the mood?**
Anything slow and
sensual, like R&B.

Favorite vacation spot:
I love anyplace tropical,
so Hawaii or Miami,
minus the humidity.

Dream vacation:
I would kill to either
backpack through
Europe or go to Tahiti.

Your biggest turn-on:
Intelligence and really
hot girls.

“The most
remarkable
experience ever
was the first
time I squirted. It
was such a crazy
and amazing
sensation!”





Nina James

OCTOBER 2010

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

18 years old
36-24-35; 5'9"

Hometown:
Stockton, California.

If you could live anywhere, where would it be?
Barcelona, Spain. When I traveled to Europe, Barcelona really made an impression. I loved the lifestyle.

Dream vacation spot:
Africa, Australia, and Ireland.

Favorite drink:
Coffee, coffee, coffee.

Favorite food:
Italian. I could live on spaghetti and garlic bread.

Favorite music:
Indie rock. I grew up on indie/folk and rock.

Favorite fantasy:
Sex on the beach.

The most daring thing you've ever done:
I've gone cliff-diving a few times.

“I don't have a type when it comes to guys. I fall for all different kinds of men. But a guy has to be able to make me laugh. That's a must.”

Phoenix Marie

NOVEMBER 2010

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
28 years old
34DD-26-40; 5'9"

Hometown:
Riverside, California.

Favorite food:
Spicy! Mexican and
Italian are my favorites.

You're always up for:
Disneyland, roller
coasters, junk food, and
fireworks.

**Most daring thing
you've ever done:**
Going on a zip line in
Puerta Vallarta. I'm afraid
of heights, but it was
such an adrenaline rush.
I love that feeling.

**How would you
describe yourself?**
I'm a huge dork! I collect
comic books, I like both
Star Wars and *Star Trek*,
and I love to laugh and to
make others laugh, even
if it's at me.

“There’s
something so
sexy about a man
taking control. My
favorite fantasy
is a guy coming
up behind me
while I’m cooking,
grabbing me,
and screwing me
on the kitchen
counter.”





Sabrina Maree

DECEMBER 2010

Photograph by Mark Lit for
Hicks Photo

Vital stats:

23 years old
34D-26-36; 5'4"

Hometown:
Wilton, California.

If you could live anywhere in the world:

London. I lived there for a semester. I love the city so much!

Favorite vacation spot:

Tahiti. It's romantic, there's snorkeling, and the interior of the island is relatively undisturbed dense jungle.

Dream vacation spot:
Greece and Italy.

Most daring thing you've ever done:

Swim with sharks in Tahiti.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?

Not a movie, but I think the *True Blood* DVDs should come with vibrators.

“I had an amazing quickie with the male talent in a movie I was shooting a girl-girl-girl scene for, in the men's room of the nightclub where we were shooting. It was quick, it was good, and I never talked to him again. Hi, if you're reading this....”

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Forget all that useless stuff you received last holiday season. This year, use our helpful guide to drop a few hints in the right person's ear, or just leave a few little yellow stickies on these suggestions for your girlfriend, wife, or brother to find. After all, how many gift subscriptions to *Penthouse* can one guy use? By Deirdre Goldbeck



**ARAMITH BALL
AND CUE CASE**
\$420 • Aramith.com

Even if you have your own pool table at home, you'll appreciate this handy travel case for your gear. It's made of sturdy, lightweight aluminum and comes with a complete high-quality ball set from the company that supplies them for pro tournaments around the world. There's space for two shafts and butts, and pockets for chalk and accessories. Tack on an additional \$30 for a personalized cue ball. What better way to protect your balls and stick?

**FASTBACK
UTILITY KNIFE**
\$17 • MilwaukeeTool.com

When you're in the middle of a project and you've only got one free hand, you need an edge. Not only is this pocket-size blade designed to be opened with one hand, but it'll open fast. It features an integrated wire stripper and a gut hook, and comes with five additional easy-to-change blades. In some cases, one hand can be better than two.





POWER BOX 360 DELUXE

\$249 • BoschTools.com

Rock your garage or job site with four speakers and a subwoofer pumping out 50 watts of sound in all directions. It features 20 FM and 10 AM digital presets, a Sirius radio dock and play port, preset equalizer settings, and adjustable bass and treble. Or use the digital-media bay ports to plug in your MP3 player, SD card, or USB flash drive. It can charge both Bosch 14.4V or 18V lithium-ion batteries, which can also be used to power the 360. When it's plugged into an electrical outlet, the four GFCI outlets can power tools or charge your cellphone or laptop. Plus, it's moisture- and dust-proof and the aluminum and rubber roll cage will protect it from serious impact. Tough jobs require tough tools and music.

M12 MILWAUKEE
HEATED JACKET\$119 with battery holder; \$169 with holder, battery, and
charger • MilwaukeeTool.com

Forget the cold. You'll feel nothing but warmth in this multilayered jacket. It's powered by M12 lithium-ion technology, and has four heat settings to choose from: preheat, high, medium, and low. The battery holder is located in a pocket at the lower rear area of the jacket, and the M12 can be used for lots of cordless Milwaukee tools. It comes in sizes ranging from medium to 2XL, and it's water- and wind-resistant, so you'll feel the heat no matter how long it takes to get those holiday lights up on the roof.

SELECT STEP
LADDER\$200 plus shipping
and handling •
LittleGiantLadders.com

Sure, we've laughed at the infomercials, too. But every guy needs a good ladder, and this one actually lives up to the hype. It has an extra-wide base and a spacious, built-in Comfort Platform for stability. It comes in two sizes, with ranges from four to six feet and five to eight feet, has independently telescopic sides for use on stairs and inclines, and adjusts to a 90-degree angle for working in corners. The AirDeck Safety System adds personal security with a sturdy handle. It has slots for paint cans and tools, and a magnetic tray for small hardware. The ladder weighs only 24 pounds but supports 300, and has wheels for easy transport. No more half-stepping.

GATOR MACHETE

\$30 • GerberGear.com

This implement of destruction won't turn you into *Machete*'s Danny Trejo, but it might help bring out your inner badass. Both the head and handle are crafted from high-carbon steel, and the blade—a 15-inch fine edge on one side and an 18-inch saw edge on the other—is capable of doing double duty and double the damage. Sure, it'll make a good weed wacker, but just imagine wielding it against a horde of rampaging zombies.



SENSOTOUCH 3D MODEL 1290X\$300 • USA.Philips.com

With a combined triple threat of GyroFlex 3D to closely trace the contours of your face and neck, UltraTrack heads to catch both longer and normal-length hairs and short stubble, and a SkinGlide system to reduce skin stress and irritation and allow for the use of shaving gel for added protection, you'll get smooth shaves every time. You'll also love the illuminated display that indicates remaining shave time, charging status, and when it's time for cleaning. Scoring the new SensoTouch 3D will not only make you look good, it'll put you at the top of your game.

**DRIVING GLOVES**\$40 black; \$30 brown • BionicGloves.com

An orthopedic hand surgeon designed these driving gloves, taking anatomy and ergonomics into consideration. That means a better grip, better dexterity, and special inserts and ventilation to keep your hands from getting clammy. They're leather, they're washable, and they come in black or brown. Bionic also makes fitness, golf, and tennis gloves in a wide range of sizes. Pick your sport.

TOURMANAGER DUFFEL\$120 • ful.com

When you think of Tennessee, good things like BBQ, blues, and country come to mind. Now you can add ful tour luggage to that list. The Memphis-based company's travel gear is inspired by music and designed with musicians in mind. This rolling duffel measures 16 by 30 by 14 inches, has two roomy sections for clothes, dual side areas, internal zipper compartments, a retractable pull-handle, and front compression buckles to tighten things up; it comes in black or slate. Next time you try to sneak past security, just say, "I'm with the band," and roll through with your bag.





**TX 730 SERIES
CLASSIC FLY-BACK
CHRONOGRAPH**

\$395 • [Amazon.com](#)

This pilot instrument-inspired timepiece is perfect for daily wear and travel. Special features include second time zone and date, electronic compass, tachymeter, and luminous indexes. It has a sculpted dial, sapphire crystal, and a stainless-steel casing and bracelet band with a secure deployment clasp. Best of all, it's water-resistant to 330 feet, just in case you want to swim a few laps in the hotel pool or sneak in a little snorkeling at the beach.



SOLUS WATCH
\$550 • [Botta-design.de
/en_solus.html](#)

Minute hands are such a waste of time—or so goes the design philosophy behind Botta's Solus timepiece. It delivers a single dial that tracks both hours and minutes, making it easy to tell the time (give or take five minutes) at a glance. This German-engineered watch's minimalist approach doesn't end at its single hand. At less than five-millimeters thick, it's as thin as a second skin, and the hand's luminescent coating means you'll never need a light to check the time during your darkest hours.—Crispin Boyer



**3-G-CRS CHRONO
SIGNATURE**

\$1,240 • [PhilipStein.com](#)

Philip Stein timepieces are designed to operate with two frequencies that work within the optimum range of seven to nine hertz: electromagnetic, which works via a dual-chip system, and natural, delivered through a metal disk. Exposure to these frequencies is said to promote better sleep, better concentration, and less stress. This watch also displays time and date, has a sapphire-coated curved mineral crystal, and is water-resistant to 165 feet. It'll not only make you feel good, but you'll look good, too.



**TARMAC
FLIGHT BAG**
\$130 large; \$100 small •
[EagleCreek.com](#)

With more airlines adopting the "fee for all" logic to help separate you from your hard-earned cash, selecting the right carry-on luggage is important. That way you can save your money for other things like in-flight drinks and snacks. These bags come in small (17 by 11 by 8 inches) and large (20.5 by 12 by 10.5 inches). Both have U-shaped openings, lockable two-way zippers, tote and padded shoulder straps, a back-slip for stacking on wheeled luggage, and an internal panel and mesh pocket for organizing your stuff. They come in black, cayenne/coffee, or palm.

**READY SET JOE**

**RSJ \$6; travel version
\$9 • Melitta.com**

Whether you're on the run or on the job, this personal brewer will give you great coffee every time. Just place the cone over the mug, add a filter with a scoop of your favorite blend, then pour in hot water. Brew it as strong or as weak as you want—it's coffee made your way. The travel version is perfect for the urban commuter.

**INKFLASK—SKULL**

\$20 • ShopStanley-PMI.com

Just name your poison—this rugged, stainless-steel flask can handle it. The eight-ounce capacity means you'll always be prepared for a spontaneous toast with a buddy, to share an intimate sip with a hottie you pick up at a concert, and even have enough left to throw back for emergency situations. It's tough, low-key, and looks cool too, making it the perfect guy's gift.

STAR TREK ENTERPRISE PIZZA CUTTER

\$25 • ThinkGeek.com

Dammit, Jim, it's not just a pizza cutter, it's the Starship *Enterprise*. It's stainless steel, it'll cut the hell out of a pie, and it's a great conversation piece. What more can we say?



URBAN COLLECTION
MASSAGE CHAIR\$1,700 • Panasonic.com

Last year you treated yourself to that drive-in-size LCD that takes up an entire wall, so why not upgrade your ratty recliner? Replace it with this advanced massage chair with realistic sensation. It has a remote that lets you select from four preset programs and eight different massage modes, including Chiro, Swedish, and Shiatsu, and it comes in black or brown. It'll look great in your living room. Of course, you'll have to figure out how to keep your friends and the dog out of it.



FRIIS COFFEE SAVOR

\$22 • FriisCoffee.com

This canister's revolutionary one-way valve and filter allows flavor-robbing carbon dioxide to escape while preventing air, light, and moisture from seeping in, which means your coffee will always taste as good as the day you first opened it, whether you buy whole bean or ground. The manual dial on the lid reminds you to change the filter every two months. It's not rocket science—fresh coffee is good coffee.

GRIDDLE GRILL
CENTRO**Griddler Grill Centro \$129; Griddler
\$99 • Cuisinart.com**

Guys love to grill. It's in their genes, which means you shouldn't let a little nor'easter or the fact that you live in a condo the size of a matchbox stop you from gettin' your grill on. The Grill Centro lets you cook topside on a nonstick surface, while skewers of kebabs rotate automatically on the bottom. It also comes with rollers for hot dogs or sausages, and the grill plates flip so you can make hotcakes and eggs when you have an overnight guest. There's also a smaller Griddler that multitasks as a contact grill, a double-wide, a griddle, and a panini press, so you can impress the girls. Who says you can't grill in comfort all year round?



TAYA DOES Vegas

Forget family-friendly Las Vegas attractions. A new ultrasexy show at the Sahara Hotel and Casino is taking Sin City back to its decadent roots.

By Jennifer Peters

Striptease the Show has found a surefire way to enhance the already overwhelming appeal of a topless act: Cast 2009 Pet of the Year Taya Parker as the host. Taya heads up a titillating troupe of three other stars, six sexy backup dancers, and "one very lucky guy." The headliners are all renowned striptease artists: Taya, of course, was also *Exotic Dancer's* 2007-08 Entertainer of the Year, our January 2008 Pet of the Month, and the last woman standing on VHI's *Rock of Love Bus With Bret Michaels*; Nina Mercedez is a well-known porn star who recently was named Latina of the Decade; Tali De'Mar is a burlesque dancer and nominee for *Exotic Dancer* magazine's Entertainer of the Year; and Aspen Reign won the 2008 Penthouse Gold G-String Award and is the only four-time winner of the Miss Nude World competition.

"We had a long and short list of talent we were considering, and Taya Parker's name kept coming up," producer Ann Marie Hayek told us. "We knew without a doubt she was a great choice to host the show. Her outgoing, fun, and friendly personality is exactly what we were looking for. She's stunningly beautiful and incredibly sexy, and we're damn lucky to have her as our host."

Taya, who's fresh out of the recording studio—her dance single "Nothin' to Lose" is available on iTunes, and will be used during her performances in *Striptease*—filled us in on her new gig. "I'm extremely excited about this new opportunity," the short but stacked beauty said. "Adding the title of Las Vegas showgirl to my résumé is beyond my wildest dreams! It's always refreshing to do something that pushes the envelope."

Push the envelope she does, taking the arts of burlesque and striptease to entirely new artistic heights, as do her costars. The

curtain rises on a stage full of wrapped presents, and as the show progresses, the gifts are opened to reveal different facets of the *Striptease* experience. The real gift, naturally, is the entire show, which combines the glamour and elegance of an old-fashioned Las Vegas revue with the stylish and sensual eroticism you expect from a Penthouse Pet. Elaborate sets are combined with unique props and the requisite sparkle and shine to create an alluring show that's perfect for a late-night adult audience.

During Taya's solo segment in the extravaganza, she enters on a chariot, flanked by beautiful dancers. After her "slave," Alin Campan, escorts her out, he's left to watch from the sidelines as the petite Pet seduces the crowd with her erotic choreography. He falls under her spell along with the audience, resulting in an athletic pas de deux that will keep pulses pounding. Taya then entrances attendees further with a sultry dance using long white "silks" that hang from the ceiling.

The other performers are equally compelling. Nina Mercedez plays the part of a sizzling diva, turning up the heat in the Sahara and leaving patrons thirsty for more. Tali De'Mar, a fiery redhead who truly turns stripping into art, slowly and sensually removes each piece of her costume in one of the most jaw-dropping performances on the Strip.

Then there's Aspen Reign. Her "Amadeus" number is an updated version of the routine that helped her win the Penthouse Gold G-String Award; she plays the role of a modern-day, sexed-up Marie Antoinette with perfect style and grace. "When I started my feature-dancing career, this is definitely what I was working toward," she said. "I wanted to go to the top, and the top, in my eyes, is Las Vegas. The fact that I get to perform my 'Amadeus' routine only makes it more special. I came up with that especially for the Gold G-String contest, so it's very dear to my heart. The icing on the cake is that I get to molest Taya every night!"

We'll let Taya have the last word: "Between the cutting-edge choreography, the fantastic dancers, the props, the sets, and, of course, my beautiful and fabulous coheadliners, I really think *Striptease the Show* is not to be missed." We couldn't agree more. For information or to buy tickets, visit SaharaVegas.com.





No Regrets

Gary Allan has bypassed the manufactured hits and easy path to stardom, opting instead to chronicle the deeper potholes along the road of life. It's working for him.

By Alanna Nash

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Gary Allan could be called the Jack Kerouac of country music. The 43-year-old singer-songwriter is a maverick whose music hangs out in the dark corners of Nashville's psyche. He writes emotion-packed hits about life's harsher struggles—and he knows what he's talking about. One night in October 2004, his 36-year-old wife, Angela, was feeling ill. She sent him out of the bedroom for a soda. While standing in the kitchen, Allan heard a loud pop and thought Angela had thrown something, only to discover she had stuck a pistol in her mouth and pulled the trigger. Allan's releases since then have continued to relate his life experiences, and allowed him to express his grief.

Though he played his major-label showcase in 1996—an eternity ago in the music business—he has just now moved from supporting-act status to headlining theaters and arenas, despite releasing back-to-back platinum records and selling more than six million albums to date. And that's just the way he likes it. This epitome of cerebral country cool with four No. 1 hits and more than ten Top 10 singles never likes to get anywhere in a hurry.

Gary Allan Herzberg grew up in Huntington Beach, California, and spent his days surfing the bright waters of the Pacific, his nights in the dim blue-collar bars, playing both shit-kicker country and attitude-laced punk. Whatever he did, he immersed himself in it, a philosophy that sticks today. The motorcycle enthusiast is also an avid golfer, replete in Payne Stewart knickers. ("My 16-year-old was hilarious. She said, 'Dad, what are you doing? You look like a dork.'")

From the beginning, it was obvious that you knew who you were, musically. Rather than shoot up quickly, you've slowly built a solid career. But was it your plan to take this many years to get where you are now?

I don't know if it was my plan to take this many years, but we definitely knew that it was going to be a slow burning. I had a lot of talks with everybody about that, and I had to get it across that we were never going to be the latest, greatest thing because those always burn out. I just like to make music. I try to stay out of the way and let somebody else handle the politics side and sell it.

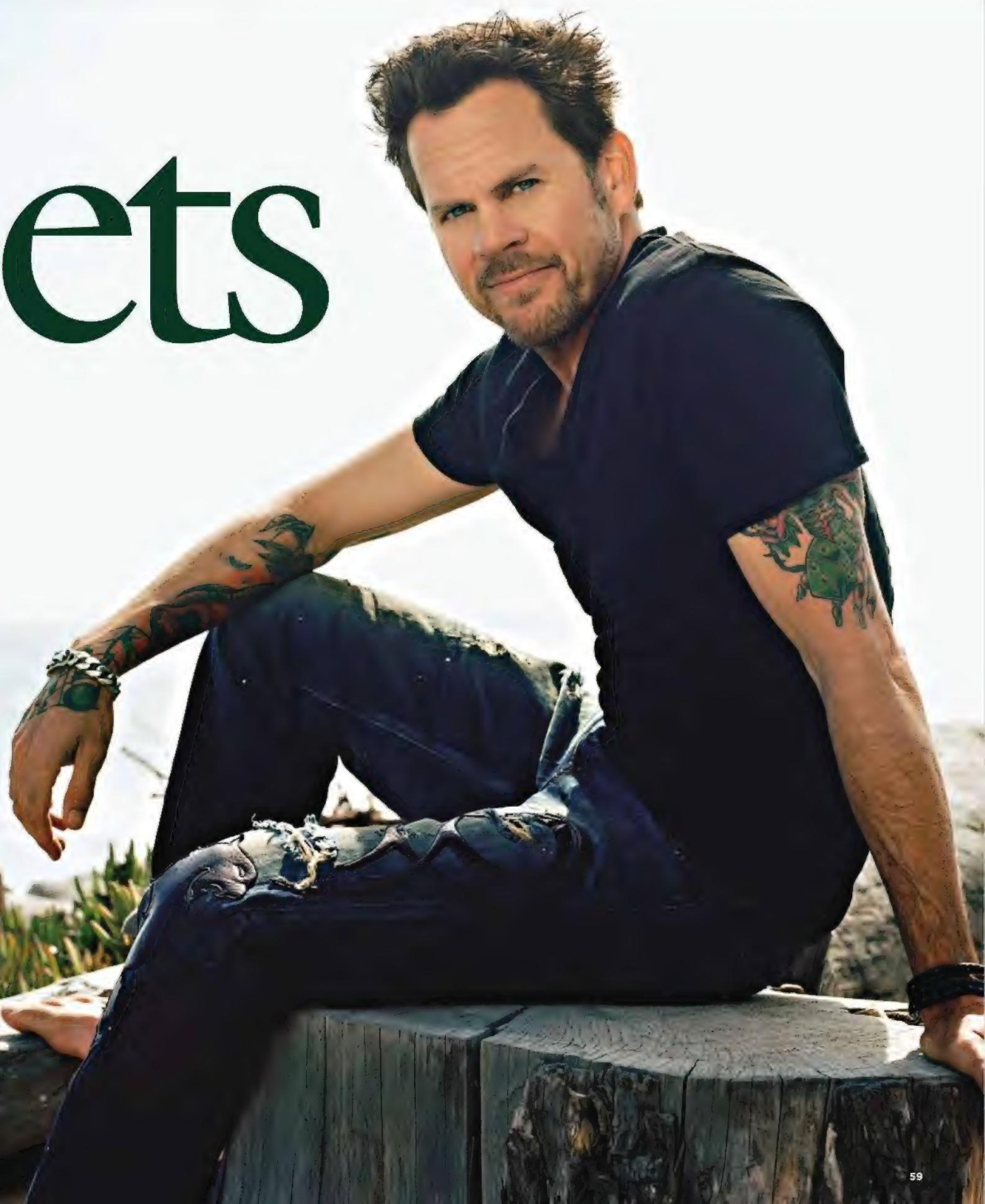
What was the turning point for where you are now?

I have no idea, because my touring is bigger than it's ever been by a long shot, and way ahead of [how much I get played on] radio. I feel like the label's got to catch up to what we've got going. It's a fairly wide demographic, but our audience is pretty young. I noticed when we played with Brooks & Dunn that their crowds were a lot older.

Hard to believe Brooks & Dunn won't be around anymore.

Yeah, I'm sure they were both ready to get rid of each other for a while. But there's so much history there. They're a class act, and very personable. I toured with Alan Jackson twice and never met him. But I talked to those guys dang near every day. I learned a lot from them on how to treat other acts. They're quality people; just really cool.

ets



Your style has broadened through the years. How do you see the evolution of your sound? Beginning with the Bakersfield influence, right?

Yeah. And now it's more rockin'. I tell people that we quit playing country music when the radio quit playing it. I try to make a well-rounded album, but I want stuff that really cuts to the bone, that has a lot of emotion and layers to it, so you never catch it all on the first listen. I never thought that I had to have a big arena song on each album. If a song

doesn't move me, I can't do it. And there have been lots of big hits [by other songwriters] that I passed on, but I just wouldn't have wanted to be responsible for singing them.

Let's talk about your current album, *Get Off on the Pain*. It seems a continuum of your previous work, but it also stretches you.

I think this one says I'm doin' okay, if you're still looking at me through my wife and the things that I have been through. It says I'm sleepin' okay, and that I'm in a great place with all of it. There's a lot of reflection, and a lot in there that I touched on on the other albums, but stylistically I was still able to do things I hadn't done before. "Kiss Me When I'm Down" was a pop song when I got it.

The title song seems to sum up everything you're about. I like this line: "I ain't really happy until the sky starts driving rain." Rain is a metaphor that has run through a number of your songs. There's been a lot of rain in my life and career.

And yet you have a real affinity for water, having grown up around it. What does it mean to you?

It's the most energy. When I was a kid I spent every morning in it before school, and then when I moved to Tennessee, that was all I really cared about—that I lived by water. I live on a lake in Hendersonville. I find myself going out there in the middle of the night all the time, just sittin' on the dock. I'll take my guitar down there when I know nobody can hear.

No surfing in Tennessee though, right?

No, we wakeboard. That was the most aggressive thing that I could find to do on the water without waves. It's about jumpin' from wake to wake, getting a lot of air.

I want to read you something you said about being on the road: "You'll never hear me singing about tractors or farms, just because I don't know anything about that stuff. Wrong roads and dark horses I know about. That's my whole life. I love a long shot. Still, I think the pain can get to be some kind of a positive for me, because it connects to everything I ever dreamed of. It's confirmation of the actual existence of this big musical drama, the result of the dream."

Well, I've hired people and they get so beat up by the road so quick. Doesn't matter if you are tired in the morning, you wake up and you shake it off and you go to the gym and sweat out whatever it was that you did and you take your happy ass in there and you start the party over. It's relentless, but it's everything that I love. The whole reason I make music is so that I can play large. And in getting to go out and do that for everybody, it almost doesn't matter what the cost is. You've got to get off on it.

"The whole reason I make music is so I can play large. In getting to go out and do that, it almost doesn't matter what the cost is. You've got to get off on it."

So in a sense the road is therapy?

Absolutely. Writing is the biggest therapy for me, but no matter what you're going through, when you get on the stage you forget it all. That's the only time you don't feel the pain, because you have to be so focused on what you're doing that it all goes away.

Most artists are really misfits. If they weren't able to be creative, they'd be in a world of trouble.

I agree. I love kicking around every emotion with my friends. That totally got me through my wife's passing.

"No Regrets," a song you wrote about Angela's death, is the cornerstone of the new album.

Yeah, there are a lot of tears and a lot of truth in that song. When I look back, I've got a clear conscience. I don't have any regrets. I did all I could, and I loved her.

There's a lot of love still there.

Yes. Yes, yes, yes.

Why did she choose to leave?

Oh, there are so many theories on that. I think she was bipolar, and they were treating her [migraine] headaches with a lot of depression drugs, and she just spun out and got into a place where I don't even think she knew it was real, and she shot herself. She was just in a lot of pain.

A lot of psychotropic drugs increase the risk of suicide.

Yeah. It's shocking to me that just a regular doctor can prescribe those. Going back through it, nobody really did anything blatantly wrong, but at best the doctors were firing at about 30 percent. Nobody had a grip on it, and it's really disappointing how obvious the cycle was, in hindsight.

Did you see it coming?

No, she never said anything to me about killing herself, and after it happened, everybody was shocked that I had never heard that. But not even once did anybody bring that up to me, and evidently she had told a few people.

How did you deal with it emotionally?

Music. I was a wreck for a long time. The roughest part was dealing with the kids, but I think that was what helped me the most, because I had six of them [three of his own and three of Angela's]. I took them all to therapy. I don't think I drank or smoked pot for almost nine months; I just panicked that I was going to drop the ball on somebody. I wanted to do it right and make sure I had everybody covered. I went to see principals and teachers, because I knew that everybody needed a lot of help. And they are all solid. They came through it really well.

Have you forgiven Angela?

I have. She was such a great mom, and I can't imagine that if she gave an inkling of thought to her kids ... it's just mind-blowing.





That was your third marriage. Do you think you'll remarry?

If it was perfect. It's really difficult for me to think about. I'm pretty hard to get close to now.

You had a stalker for a while. How did that come about?

Well, my first experience, the woman came up to me in a bar and tapped me on the back of the head and yelled really loud, "Hey, we need to talk!" I said, "Well, my friend's playing. Maybe after that." And she tapped me on the head again and said, "We need to talk now!" And I remember looking back and saying "No. Beat it." And she started screaming louder. She said, "Why, Mr. Fuckin' Big," and didn't stop. I looked up at her and said, "You don't look remotely familiar to me." She kept screaming, so I got up and walked out, and she "motherf**k"-ed me out of the bar. A couple of weeks later, she came to my house. I told her she needed to go, and then she came back when I wasn't home. My neighbor called and said, "There's a woman kicking your dog and throwing stuff at your cars." I went to court over it, and it's not over yet. It's just been the creepiest thing.

What kind of woman are you attracted to? What constitutes a sexy woman?

Confidence. A woman's attitude is most of it. She can't be arrogant, but she has to have some mystery to her.

And she has to like tattoos. You have some very serious artwork going on there.

Well, I've always liked tattoos. I got my first one when I was 15. My mom cried and said, "You may as well rob banks. You look like a criminal now." I've got a skull on my left arm. He's pointing a shotgun at you with one hand, and he's rolling the dice with the other. To me, that symbolizes what we do. Music is like rolling the dice. It's a gamble, but we're taking the fucking money anyway [laughs]. And the one on my right arm is a tribute [to Angela]. It's an angel sitting in a broken heart. And on my back, I've got a huge tattoo. It's the stuff that my logos are drawn from: the bronc rider, the skeleton guy.

What kind of kid were you growing up?

I was a good kid. My mom was very Mormon, still to this day has never drank, smoked, and my dad was the polar opposite. He smoked and drank. I've played bars with him since I was 12. I had to go outside during the breaks because I was underage, and somebody would have to come out and stand with me because I was so little. I think I spun out once as a kid and did a bunch of drugs and drank, but after that, I really didn't drink until I was 25, until I got divorced the first time. I didn't want to do a bunch of drugs, but I didn't really want to feel like me. But yeah, I was a very straight kid. I think it was because I had drunk people hitting on me in the bars. When the older ladies hit on me when I was 14 and 15, the whole alcohol thing was just a turn-off.

You got your first record-deal offer when you were 15, but your father refused to sign it because he thought you weren't ready.

Yeah. His exact words were, "You need to play for the people who love you, the people who hate you, and the people who could care less. And then you need to learn to play for yourself." He said I was imitating people, and I had to wait until I found myself, which I didn't do until I was 23. So many people out there touring and headlining today didn't come up like that. They got their deal off a karaoke contest and have no body of work. And it's sad, because we'll never see them be the best that they can be. They're just singing a bunch of songs that other people already did. How can they take me through a night of emotion? There's no way to deliver emotion like that.

Certainly not in country music.

Oh, and it's really disappointing to watch them take this pop approach to it. The result is, a lot of our stuff is being watered down. And I'm really worried about it never coming back. Carrie Underwood won Entertainer of the Year [at the Academy of Country Music Awards], and she's not even 40. How do you even do that? Back when I was a kid, even if you were rock or pop, you couldn't help but be influenced by the depth that came out of country music, by Johnny Cash and Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson. It was just such hard-core truth. I remember the Highwaymen tour that they did. I was in the third or fourth row, and I just had chills, I was so blown away by them. And nobody was rockin'. It was just words they were cutting you with. That was when I said, "Here's what I want to do." And [Merle] Haggard was huge to me. Now it's all kind of poppy and candy-ish. It's a drag.

"No Regrets" harks back to the Highwaymen era, in that it's a song about difficult truths.

I've just gotten to a point where I can sing songs like that. I just told my band that we're going to switch that into the show and create a moment like that. I don't know if I will be able to talk about it, but I'll be able to do some of the really emotional songs. Usually I stay away from all that stuff, because I'll end up crying and just be a mess for the show. But I think this is the year. 

THE LONG MARCH

Thirty-five years after the fall of Saigon, a Vietnam veteran's best-selling novel has been hailed as one of the greatest war books ever written. He thinks the nation still has lessons to be learned from that conflict.

By Gerard Van der Leun

For America, the Vietnam War ended in 1975. In its aftermath, marine veteran Karl Marlantes worked on his epic novel about that conflict for more than 30 years. Early this year, *Matterhorn* was published to great acclaim, and it's now a *New York Times* best-seller. But Marlantes had become used to delayed reactions. His physical wounds had long healed and his war had been over for 20 years when he first saw dead bodies that weren't there appear on a conference table in Singapore. By that time, he'd become a successful consultant for various global energy companies, a husband, and a father of five. It wasn't in his

plan to suddenly see bodies that no one else could see, but they were there just the same.

"That was the first clear sign that something was up with me that I wasn't prepared for," he says over coffee at a Starbucks in Redmond, Washington. "At the time, I thought I was just working too hard, traveling too much. I resigned from that job, but kept up what I now know were crazy, high-risk behaviors."

"A few years later I was at this mental-health fair and talking to some professional there about my anger, insomnia, and anxiety. He asked, 'Were you ever in a war?' I just broke down then and cried. You'd think it would have been obvious, but I just couldn't see it until that moment. Just wouldn't see it. I thought my problems were all somehow work-related. They weren't. It was classic post-traumatic stress disorder coming right out of Vietnam. I went straight to the VA clinic and started to get things turned around."

These days Marlantes seems fully turned around and squared away. He's

thoughtful, easygoing, slow to speak, and quick to laugh. Before Vietnam he'd graduated from Yale and was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford.

Marlantes doesn't come across as a hero, even though he was decorated with the Navy Cross, the Bronze Star, two Purple Hearts, two Navy Commendation Medals for valor, and ten Air Medals—any of which alone would put him in the hero category. The Marines do not give medals lightly. Neither does Marlantes come across as a best-selling novelist, but with more than 200,000 copies of *Matterhorn* in print, that's what he is. Nor does Marlantes impress one as somebody who could start writing a vast novel of war and death in the late seventies and stick with it, through multiple revisions, until it was finally published nearly 35 years later, but that's exactly what he did.

"At least it wasn't my first novel," Marlantes says. "That one was some 1,700 pages that I just banged out on a typewriter when I got back after Vietnam. It was the period when

wearing a uniform in public could get you jeered at, spat at, and reviled. Some of that happened to me and it pushed me into writing that book."

What was it about?

"I don't even remember very clearly what happened in it, except that it was very angry and very frantic," he tells me. "Pure crap and spew and working out the demons. All the copies of that manuscript were, as far as I know, mercifully destroyed."

"*Matterhorn* started right after I was done with the first novel and I finished it, for the first time, in 1977. I sent it around to lots of publishing houses but nobody wanted to touch it. They all had their reasons. It wasn't what they were looking for. It was 'too soon,' 'not the right time.'"

It wouldn't be "the right time" until well into the twenty-first century. But Marlantes kept returning to and revising the novel. In 2007 a friend put him in touch with publisher Tom Farber at the very small nonprofit El León Literary Arts.

"Kit Duane, Tom's senior editor, was the first to read it and she urged Tom to publish it," Marlantes recalls. "We worked out a deal involving no money. El León printed an edition of 1,200 copies and I got 120 copies out of that. That was my end. It was fine with me. It meant that *Matterhorn* would be finished at last."

But *Matterhorn* wasn't finished at all. After the El León edition came out, Marlantes's wife suggested the novel be submitted to Barnes & Noble's Jill Lamar, the head of that company's Discover Great New Writers program. From Lamar it passed through a few more people and ended up on the desk of Morgan Entrekin, the head of Grove Press. A publishing maverick himself, Entrekin knew what he had with *Matterhorn* and knew how to create a buzz. He cut a copublishing deal with El León. *Matterhorn* has since become, by any measure, a commercial success. But it's much, much more than that.

Mark Bowden, author of *Black Hawk Down*, says, "There have been some very good novels about the Vietnam War, but this is the first great one, and I doubt it will ever be surpassed." Sebastian Junger, who wrote *The Perfect Storm* and the recent memoir *War*, about his embed in Afghanistan, says, "Chapter after chapter, battle after battle, Marlantes pushes you through



by and not let your fellow soldiers down. I learned, most of all, that if I lost it in combat, somebody died."

When asked what he thinks about the current wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, he replies, "It's uncanny to me just how much like Vietnam Afghanistan is. We've got an enemy that can fade into the population or cross a border into a sanctuary that we can't formally enter. We've got a corrupt government that we're fighting to preserve. Our enemy, the Taliban, is operating a lot like the Viet Cong and the NVA. And like those enemies, they're brutal but not readily corruptible.

"These days it's the all-volunteer forces, and I think they're way better trained, but for me a volunteer military creates a civics issue. When I was growing up, it was called being in 'the service.' Now it's just being in 'the military.' The deep problem with an all-volunteer military is that it becomes too easy for politicians to use it in support of stupid policies. Until the

"I learned how true it is that no matter what the reason is for any war, you fight in it in order to stand by and not let your fellow soldiers down."

what may be one of the most profound and devastating novels ever to come out of Vietnam—or any war. It's not a book so much as a deployment, and you will not return unaltered."

As a purely literary work, *Matterhorn* is so far beyond other books that attempt Vietnam that the only comparisons possible are to such films as *Apocalypse Now*, *Platoon*, *Hamburger Hill*, and *We Were Soldiers*. Add in a touch of Robin Williams in *Good Morning, Vietnam* and you begin to get a hint of the richness and power of the novel.

Briefly told, *Matterhorn* is the story of Bravo Company, 5th Marine Division, whose soldiers fight, die, suffer, and survive in a trackless part of the jungle up along the demilitarized zone and Laotian border. In the course of the book, they take control of a mountain (the Matterhorn of the title) in order to establish a forward outpost for artillery. Once they manage this task, Bravo Company is, of course, directed by war planners high above them in the chain of command to give

it up and march to another location far to the north to take part in another operation, to disrupt enemy supply lines. It's 1969 and the war's got another five or six years in it.

It's the fate of soldiers to be squandered for obscure and often absurd goals. In the end, the "mission" is completed at a great cost in lives and suffering. The survivors are given some time to rest back at a secure support base as a reward for somehow staying alive.

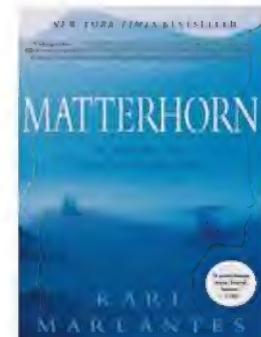
But this brief description of the story gives no hint of the depth and richness of the novel itself. *Matterhorn* does what novels do at their very best. It lets you know what it feels like to be alive and living in the story that it tells.

There are many lessons about war and men at war embedded in *Matterhorn*; lessons learned the hardest way of all. As Marlantes remarks a long way in space and time from Vietnam, "I learned how true it is that no matter what the reason is for any war, you fight in it in order to stand

deferments became widespread, Vietnam was the last draft-supplied war. It might be best if we returned to that. War's too serious a thing for a nation to undertake unless every family has the potential for having their people involved.

"But that was my war and that was a long time ago," Marlantes continues. "I was at a Marine Corps social function not long ago where there were a lot of young marines. They were deeply impressed by what went on in combat in Vietnam. They were amazed we could fight a war like that with such primitive weapons."

Will Marlantes write any more about his experiences? "Another book about war? Never. My next book's hero is a woman in a logging camp in Southwestern Washington at the very beginning of the twentieth century. I'm done with war." □





get psyched



Sabrina Maree, an adult entertainer/college student, is our wet dream come true. She's gorgeous, funny, sweet, and has a breathtaking body. The future psychologist can set up private counseling sessions for us any time, anywhere.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo



"I hate working out. My favorite way to exercise is with strenuous shoots that I can enjoy watching later, or horseback riding. Or riding ... other things."



A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark brown hair, wearing a black and white floral patterned bikini. She is standing in a shower stall with white tiled walls. Her back is to the camera, and she is looking over her shoulder with a seductive expression. Her left hand rests on her hip, and her right arm is bent, with her hand near her shoulder.

"Sex on the first date is pretty common for me. I need to know what he's packing and how he uses it before I spend more time with him."







"I had an amazing quickie with the male talent in a movie I was shooting a girl-girl-girl scene for, in the men's room of the nightclub where we were shooting. It was fast, it was good, and I never talked to him again. Hi, if you're reading this...."

THE BIG RP

SABRINA MAREE
DECEMBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



NTH







"I prefer sex at home. I need the right conditions to give my partner the ride of his life. The most mind-blowing sex I've ever had was just at home with an ex. We were in bed, me on top, and everything was getting hit in just the right spot."



← SABRINA MAREE
DECEMBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



NTH



Vital stats:

23 years old

34DD-26-36; 5'4"

Hometown:

Wilton, California.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

It's a tiny cow town with one pizza place, one breakfast/burger spot, and one bar. I love going to breakfast and seeing people I've known for 23 years.

If you could live anywhere in the world:

London. I lived there for a semester.

I love the city so much!

Favorite vacation spot:

Tahiti. It's romantic, there's snorkeling, and the interior of the island is relatively undisturbed dense jungle.

Dream vacation spot:

Greece and Italy.

Most daring thing you've ever done:

Swim with sharks in Tahiti.

Favorite sport to play:

I did one sport growing up: vaulting. It's gymnastics/dance on horseback.

Favorite sport to watch:

Basketball. I'm in Southern California for school, and the Sacramento Kings fan in me is having a really hard time with this Lakers frenzy!

Favorite music:

I like some of everything, but mostly country. I love Nickelback, too, but people always give me a hard time about that.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?

Not a movie, but I think the *True Blood* DVDs should come with vibrators.

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nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ Relationship versus sex: The relationship is over, ruined. We don't get along, we don't even like each other anymore. But the sex is amazing, the best either of us has ever had. Do we keep screwing or move on and leave it behind? It's holding us both back, as we're not moving on with our lives, but still—the sex is amazing.

Wow, I am a bit stumped on this one. I have never enjoyed sex with someone I am not in a relationship with anymore. Resentments and old baggage have always gotten in the way of me getting turned on.

I'd suggest that you keep on doing what makes you both happy, while being aware that eventually one of you will find someone else and this amazing sexual relationship you share will more than likely end. You say you wish to move on, and I'd imagine the sexual chemistry with your new partner could be less than what you are used to if you compare—so don't compare! Until then, have at it. If you aren't cheating or lying or misleading anyone, why not?

■ Are men intimidated by women who are as successful or as ambitious as they are?

Some are, for sure. Me? I like a woman who has her own direction and friends and life and goals and work-related ventures.

Some guys don't like a more successful woman, as it can make them feel inferior and not in control. I suppose it can be intimidating for some men, but the ones who are proud of their successful partner and believe in her dreams and aspirations are the ones to look for. I guess many men don't realize that a relationship with a career-driven woman allows plenty of time for him to do his stuff—whether it's playing the PS3, having poker nights, or getting his own work done.

■ In my next relationship, a definite deal-breaker for me will be monogamy. I have been in many monogamous relationships, and I feel like they are somewhat boring in the long run, so having an open relationship would be key to my maintaining sexual interest without negative effects (i.e., cheating). Even though this is my honest position, I find it hard to approach the subject with any new girl I date, for fear of losing her. So, Dave, with respect to your position on the subject (pro-open relationship), how do I attempt to make this shift in my life?

A couple of issues come to mind. First, you'll have to be willing to let her do what she wants, too. (I'm assuming you've already considered that.) Are you willing to share your partners? Can she bring a guy home as freely as you would like to bring a girl home? These are basic ground rules that need to be set when it comes to open relationships. I'm the kind of guy who makes it clear on the first or second date in terms of what I would like in a relationship: casual dating, no kids, etc. I'd suggest that when you begin to have true and deep feelings for a girl, you let her know right then and there. It sounds like you're looking for that special someone with whom you can share intimate details and who can be your best friend, while at the same time continuing the lifestyle that suits you best. These girls are hard to find, but they do exist. It's all about the honesty, my friend.

■ What do you think of one-night stands?

Safety first! Other than that, I think they can be spectacular.

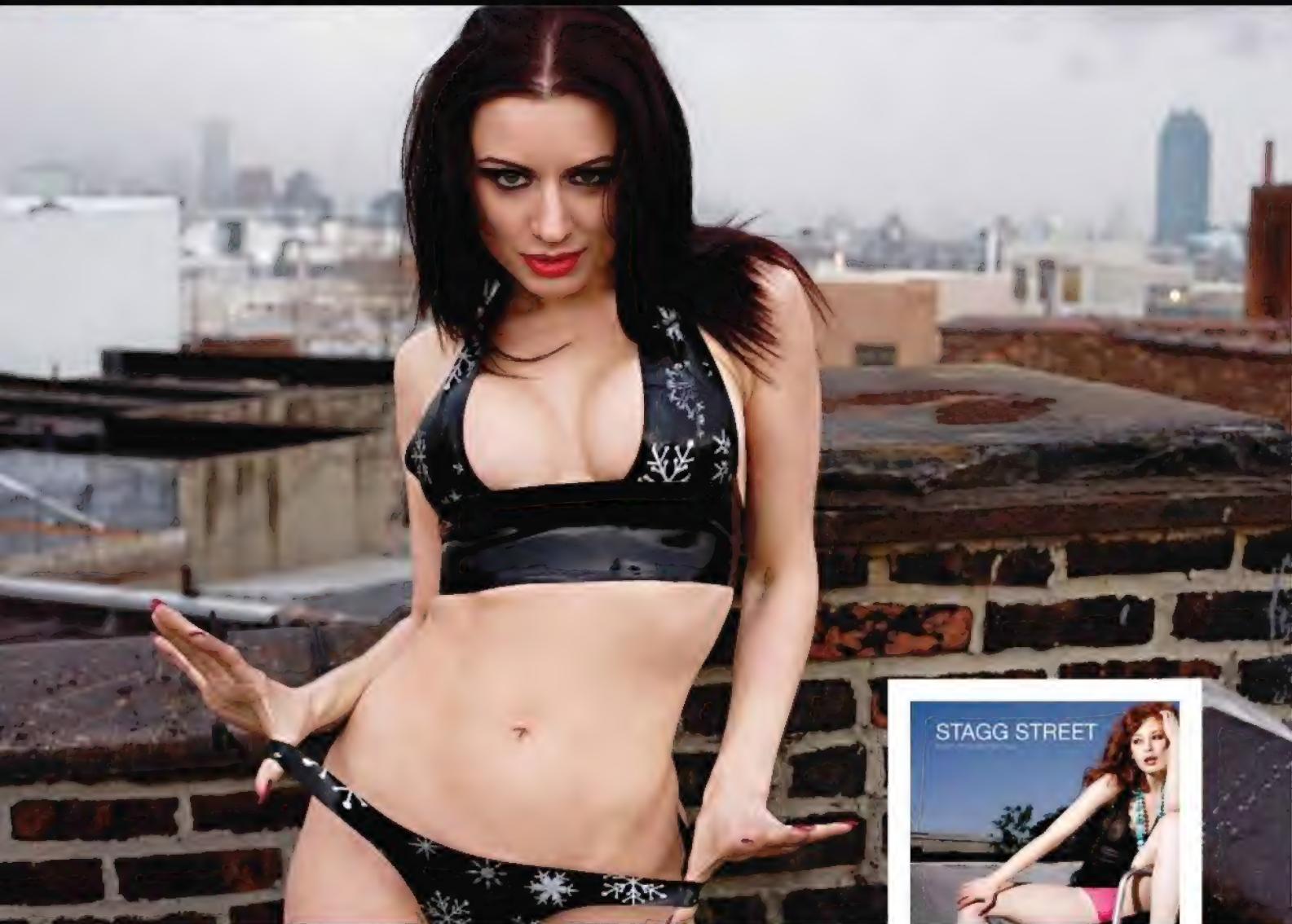
■ How much do guys think about their current girl's past? Does it matter?

Interesting. I have come to learn that many do think about it quite a bit.

Often, this is based on fear of not living up to an old ghost or being less than what a girl is used to. Ultimately it's pretty useless, as one is the sum of their total past experiences and loving someone has to include loving what they have been through. It is, after all, part of who they have become.

I have noticed that many people, both men and women, spend a great deal of energy thinking about their partner's past: how many people they've been with, who they've been with, etc. In other words, torturing themselves. It's one of those things that nothing can be done about, and the sooner you can accept that the better. Relationships require an awful lot of work as it is. There's no need to add extra pressure and stress, especially about something that cannot be changed.

I had a friend who just couldn't get past the idea of his girl with a specific person. I told him, "Better learn to deal with it, and quick! Because if you can't, I guarantee there's someone out there who will be happy to deal with it in your place."



STAGG PARTY

When our models team up with photographer Ellen Stagg, they produce steamy erotic pictorials for *Penthouse*. Recently, they also made art. March 2010 Pet Jelena Jensen, October 2009 Pet Ryan Keely, October 2008 Pet Justene Jaro, 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli, 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven, 2007 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Krista Ayne, and September 2000 Pet Aria Giovanni are captured in all their glory in Ellen's new coffee-table book, and displayed their assets in her solo gallery show, as did *Penthouse* models Jade Vixen, Darenzia (above), and Mia Presley.

Justine Joli was thrilled to be selected as cover girl for Ellen's first book: "I was so honored when I found out. I wasn't expecting it, and I was dumbfounded. It's so sweet of her to include me like that, and I feel inspired to do even better work."

The Pets and *Penthouse* models were prominently featured in Ellen's exhibit at Fuse Gallery in New York City, "Melting Flesh." The show featured multiple-exposure images produced with a Holga, an inexpensive plastic film camera notorious for leaking

light. While abstract, the photos are still arousing, and they captivated the opening-night crowd. "Ellen's art reaches a broad audience," Justine says, "and the opening for her show proved that. The crowd was hot as hell, and everyone from cool hipsters to men in suits to little old ladies came by to check out her work."

The models were also enthralled with the artist. "I always love shooting with female photographers because I feel they bring a more feminine touch to the finished product," Jelena says. "And I love shooting with Ellen specifically because of how easy she is to work with. Her photos always have such a unique look."

Heather agrees, saying, "Ellen's shoots are really casual, but she still gets incredible photos because she knows what she wants. As a New Yorker, she knows how to be edgy but erotic, and she's always a step ahead of everyone else."

Ellen was equally appreciative of our ladies. "I love working with the *Penthouse* models," Ellen tells us. "They're all so sexy and professional. Every one of them has been great to work with. They know their bodies so well, and they just ooze sex appeal. I'm lucky to know such hot women and to be able to shoot them naked!"

By Jennifer Peters and Lainie Speiser

Porn Star Sex Life

In April 2010, October 2009 Pet of the Month Ryan Keely offered *Penthouse* readers solutions to nine mistakes guys make in bed. Now the porn star/sometime sex columnist wants to help everyone fuck like an adult entertainer. Her new series of sex seminars, *Porn Star Sex Life*, shows men what to do after securing a woman's company, how to excite and arouse her with easy techniques, and how to bring her to orgasm while enjoying their own climaxes.

Ryan describes her workshop as giving simple advice for serious sex, but believes that the key to being a great lover is having a good attitude and confidence. As she says, "Everyone deserves to have a rich and fulfilling sex life. With *Porn Star Sex Life*, you have a fun, relaxed atmosphere where you can learn techniques and methods used by real

people who have really good sex professionally. And you not only get to pick my brain, but every seminar I'll be bringing in other adult models, porn stars, and BDSM players to add additional insight and points of view."

The first seminar's all-male audience took over the New York City lounge Velour for the evening; the men got to enjoy watching Ryan, with the assistance of 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli and *Penthouse* model Jade Vixen, go through the ins and outs of, among other things, different positions. "The first seminar was an amazing experience," says Ryan. "I'm super-excited about taking the seminar to the next level and offering education to men, women, and couples."

To keep up with Ryan's sexy comingings and goings, check out PornStarSexLife.com.



Porny Punkers

Rockers and adult entertainers have long shared a mutual appreciation of one another's work, but August 2007 Pet Jana Jordan has taken it a step further, joining a band herself, along with *Penthouse* model Jayme Langford. Pajamaband, an all-girl group, is fronted by Jayme, with Jana keeping the beat on the drum kit. "I've been playing on and off since I was 14," Jana says. "I think watching Animal from *The Muppet Show* go crazy on the drums is why I wanted to play. Before joining Pajamaband, though, I'd only jammed with friends—and I once played naked on *The Howard Stern Show*."

Jana joined Pajamaband two years ago, after moving to Los Angeles, and lately the group's been gigging around the city, playing three to four shows a month. The ladies play a mix of covers—mostly by eighties bands, especially G. G. Allin or the Misfits—and original tunes. "We're punk rock with a girlie twist," Jana says. "For

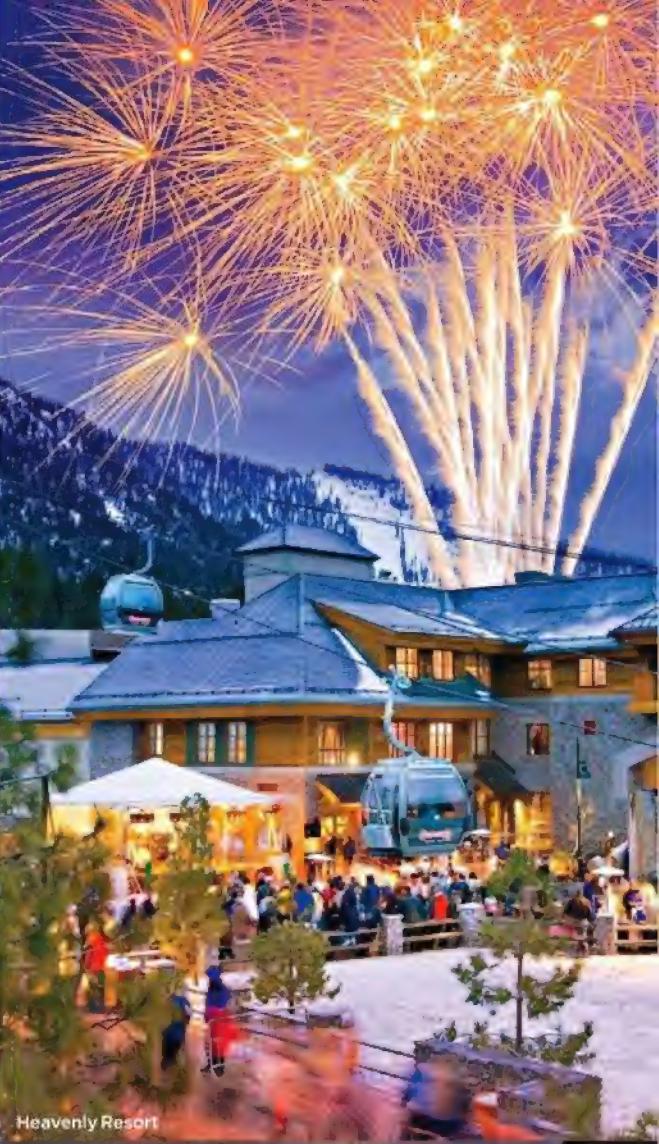
our own stuff, Jayme writes the lyrics. I can't write for shit. If they let me do it, all the songs would be about rainbows, Hello Kitty, and Barbie. When Jayme's done, she and our guitar player, Monica Barcicki, write the guitar part together, figuring out what works. Then they play the song for me, and I come up with the drum beat."

Jana continues, "Being onstage is a lot of fun for me. I like watching the crowd get into the music and get excited when Jayme and I get wild and naked. And we get naked a lot! I wreck my drums a lot, too. We really have fun with the crowd."

Over the past few months, the band has performed at the Key Club and the Viper Room, and they provided the musical entertainment at the premiere party for the Ramzi Abed documentary *The New Erotic*. "This has been a great year for the band," Jana says. "Hopefully a full-length album will be our next big project." OH



[bachelor party patrol:south lake tahoe]





GOING FOR BROKE

The marriage of adrenaline-raising slopes to 24-hour gambling and clubs in South Lake Tahoe creates the perfect environment for a bachelor-party weekend. In this ski town you're more likely to get burned by the glare off freshly groomed slopes than by some tattered-up chick, and there's nary an Ed Hardy shirt in sight.

By Liane Yvkoff

TAS VEGAS MAY GET ALL THE PRESS WHEN IT COMES TO ROWDY BACHELOR PARTIES, especially since *The Hangover* ruled the box office. But after throwing down for \$10 beers, \$50 clubs, and \$40 lap dances before you can get the girl to smile, you kind of get the feeling that you just might be a chump. And by the fifth time a friend decides to tie the knot, the Las Vegas routine is a little played out.

But 453 miles north of Sin City lies South Lake Tahoe, a tiny ski town sandwiched between a crystal-clear blue lake and a towering mountain snow park, with casinos lining the short strip.

The ski season runs from Thanksgiving through April, weather permitting, and in 2010 there was snow on the slopes well into May. Any weekend except a holiday is a good time to go, but even if you find yourself in Tahoe in the middle of spring break, Heavenly Mountain—a stone's throw from the strip—is enormous, with plenty of runs and back-mountain trails where you can escape the crowds.



[bachelor party patrol: south lake tahoe]

VEGAS "LITE" WITH SNOW SPORTS

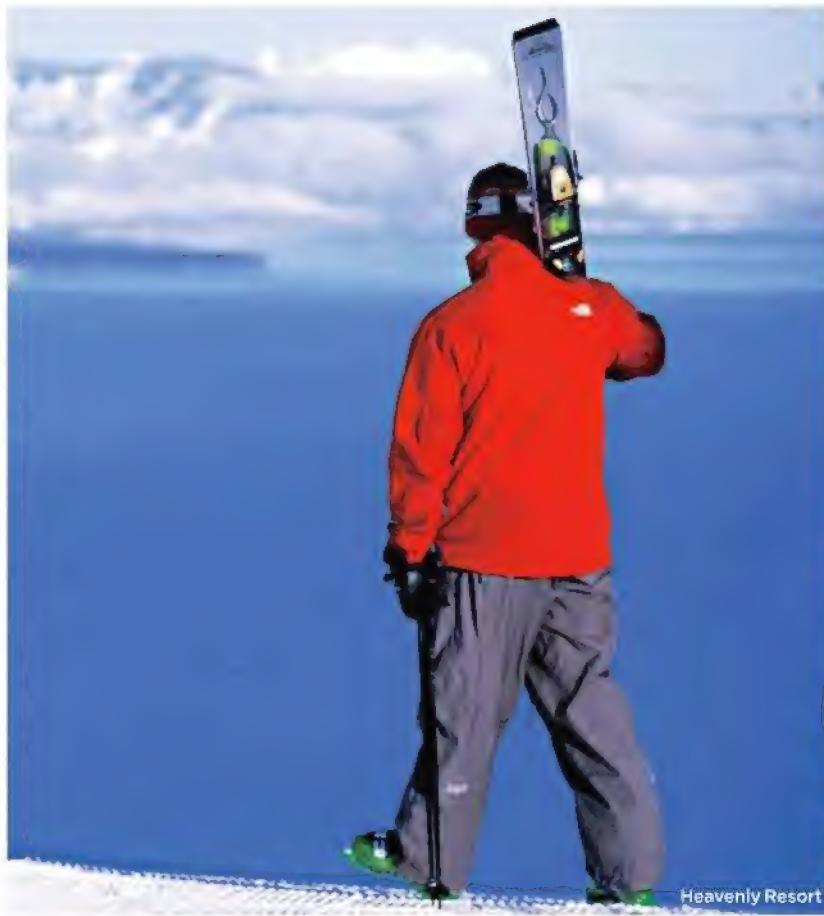
In most ski resorts, the town rolls up the sidewalks after dark. But in SLT, nighttime is when the party is just getting started. Partiers move indoors to the casinos surrounding the mountain for gambling, dancing, and general revelry, and the absence of an open-container law means you can carry the party with you everywhere you go. Each weekend the casinos host a number of bands, famous deejays, and live acts to keep the punters entertained, but with gaming tables, cheap drinks, and snow babes, you'll be plenty distracted.

■ Going Vertical

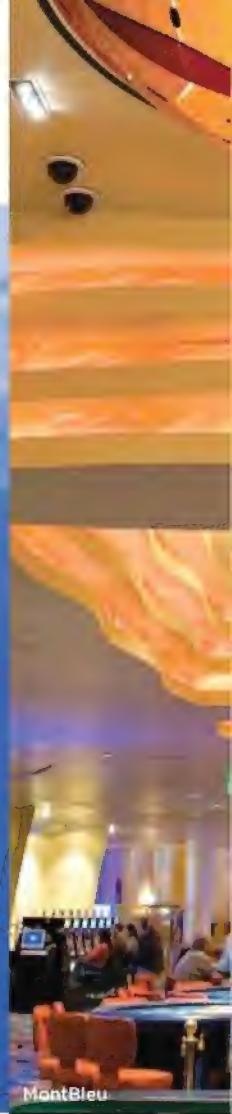
Heavenly Resort

With an average annual snowfall of 360 inches, 20 miles of ski runs, and the advantage of being situated smack in the middle of South Lake Tahoe's casino strip, it's easy to see why bachelors choose this mountain for a last binge. Even with a hangover, you can stumble out of bed and within five minutes walk from the casino to the gondola that takes you up 6,565 vertical feet to Base Camp. From there, the entire mountain is your playground.

Heavenly has a reputation for being an expansive intermediate's



Heavenly Resort



MontBleu

Opal Ultra Lounge

In most ski resorts, the town rolls up the sidewalks after dark, but in SLT, nighttime is when the party is just getting started.

paradise. "Serious" skiers swear by the California-side mountains, such as Squaw or Northstar. But besides the fact that there are fewer things more lame than professing the seriousness of one's skiing hobby, size does matter. Heavenly is the biggest resort on the lake, covering more than 4,800 acres along the California-Nevada border. Its 94 trails, 30 lifts, 3 terrain parks, and miles of backcountry runs mean there's something for everyone.

Approximately 45 percent of the runs are for intermediate skiers and snowboarders, 35 percent are advanced, and what's left are bunny slopes. To crank it up a notch, extreme skiers can hire a guide to take them into the canyons and the North Bowl woods and show them some of the mountain's secret stash.

Time the party right and you can attempt to ski 1,800 vertical feet of moguls at Glen Plake's Gunbarrel 25, and mixing it up are three progressive snow parks for freestylers with jibs,

jumps, and rails (but no pipe) to keep everyone on their toes. If you want to take a break from your skis or board, visit Adventure Peak in the resort for tubing, sledding, or snow biking. The multilane tubing hill will probably attract mainly parents and kids, but why should they have all the fun? There's also a zip line that may or may not be open, depending on the weather.

But the mountain's main attraction has to be the view from the peak. From the top of the Sky Express, elevation 10,047 feet, you'll take in a panoramic view of Lake Tahoe tucked into the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountain range. Take a deep breath and one last look—it's a 5.5-mile run to the bottom that'll have you practically skiing into the lake. You can't do that in Vegas. SkiHeavenly.com

■ Getting Horizontal

MontBleu Resort Casino

There are five casino resorts all within walking distance of Heavenly Village, and each offers attractive pricing on hotel rooms and lift tickets, especially for midweek stays. The MontBleu casino and hotel is just a five-minute walk down the strip from the gondola and features two clubs, two restaurants, a few bars, and a novelty sex shop featuring the *Penthouse* lingerie line and books. The casino is a little tired, the decor decidedly cheesy, but the clubs, bars, and restaurant have been recently renovated. The partiers attracted by the cheap drinks and cool bars more than make up for the lack of action in the pit. Rooms still bear the eighties chintz of the previous operator, Caesar's Palace, and a few fun eccentricities remain, such as an exposed tub/shower in the center of the room. It's not the newest or fanciest casino on the strip, but given the



low price of rooms, for a rowdy bachelor party on a budget, that's probably a good thing. [MontBleuResort.com](#)

Harvey's Lake Tahoe

Harvey's Lake Tahoe is the closest casino and hotel to Heavenly's gondola. It brushes right up against the mountain and boasts 740 recently renovated rooms and suites. Some are outfitted with kitchenettes that are perfect for hosting in-room parties. The casino covers 52,000 square feet and offers slots, sports betting, and table games, as well as a dedicated poker room that hosts nightly tournaments. On the lower level, across from the Cabo Wabo Cantina, blackjack tables are staffed by the hottest dealers in South Lake Tahoe, dressed in plunging halter tops. Their hefty cleavage will motivate you to ante up big time. [HarveysTahoe.com](#)

Paint the Town Red

Smokehouse Grill at Adventure Peak

A ski resort at 6,500 feet elevation isn't the most obvious location for an outdoor barbecue restaurant, but with 50-degree temperatures on the mountain and a hungry crowd, an open-air grill is a great way to cook a meal while enjoying the sun and some people-watching. Late in the season, there are days when it's hard to tell if you're on the mountain or at the lake, and a handful of the hard-core boarder chicks can always be counted on to shed their gear and strip down to bikini tops—another reason the Grill is the most popular place for lunch. On the menu are barbecue ribs, pulled pork, grilled burgers, and other Smokehouse specials. Sure, you'll pay \$7 for a 16-ounce beer, but you're at a ski resort—what do you expect? Heavenly Mountain; 775-586-2353

Fire + Ice

After a day on the slopes, Fire + Ice is the place to regroup, rehash the day's highlights, and plan for the night. The crowd around the outdoor fireplaces will be a sea of Gore-tex, so belly up to the bar and order the iCE Bowl (\$24). It's made with nine shots of five different kinds of alcohol and served in a 40-ounce fish bowl with a bunch of straws, making it good for sharing and better for getting drunk. And if your eating preference is for quantity

over quality, stay for the do-it-yourself Mongolian grill. Gorge on cuts of meat and seafood of all kinds that you cook to your liking on a giant hibachi. It's all you can eat, making it a solid place to fill up after a hard day's play. It's not dirt cheap, but it is convenient and good. [Fire-Ice.com](#)

19 Kitchen-Bar

For the finest man-food, head to this 19th-floor restaurant in Harvey's, which has an upscale bar serving proper drinks and signature cocktails, including the Tahotini. It's kind of girly and will turn your tongue blue, but you might want to try one just to pay homage to the lake the restaurant overlooks. The view is fantastic and the food is classic, well-executed, high-end steak-house fare. We're talking Kobe steaks, Kurobuta pork chops, and fresh abalone when they can get it. Can't choose? How about a little taste of everything? The surf and turf is over-the-top with a broiled petit filet, short ribs, seared diver scallops, and Australian lobster tails. Harvey's Lake Tahoe; 775-586-6777

Cabo Wabo Cantina Lounge

The Mexican food seems about as authentic as the plastic palm trees and cactus decorating the bar, but the joint does serve up some of the best, if not the strongest, Margaritas in town. Girls and guys flock to this theme bar for the more than 50 brands of tequila, live bands, and spring-break atmosphere—not for its cuisine. A bonus is the club's policy of encouraging female patrons to take off their bras and throw them on the bar to score a free drink. After 11, the live music kicks in and it's only a matter of time until the snow bunnies start shaking their tail feathers on the bar's stripper pole. Tell the bartender that you're with a bachelor party and the lucky man will get a free shot, possibly off the belly of a buxom bartender. The not-so-lucky bachelors get to do a body shot off the bus boy. Harvey's Lake Tahoe; 775-586-6648

Lake Tahoe Cigar Company

No bachelor party is complete without a celebratory cigar. After dinner, retire to the Lake Tahoe Cigar Company in the MontBleu Casino. The retail shop features a walk-in humidor stocked with a wide selection of premium brands, such as Padrons and Arturo Fuente. If you're no connoisseur, there are also flavored and novelty cigars, such as "the Chief"



[bachelor party patrol: south lake tahoe]

(\$55), an 18-inch party-size cigar you can share with your buds. Cigars should always be enjoyed with a decent drink, of course. Though the cigar bar doesn't sell alcohol, you can bring in your cognac or tawny port from the HQ Center Bar in the casino. On some nights, owner Blythe Arakawa is on hand to impart cigar education, or to regale you with stories of selling cigars to sports greats Charles Barkley, Michael Jordan, Jerry Rice, and other celebrities during the annual Celebrity Golf Championship at Lake Tahoe, while you and your party kick back in the leather chairs and watch the honeys stroll by.

LakeTahoeCigar@aol.com

Opal Ultra Lounge

South Lake Tahoe's elevation is 6,237 feet; that high above sea level, the first drink you should have at the bar is a pint of water. But that's easier said than done when every night is \$1 drink night somewhere. The MontBleu Casino keeps it real with its 24/7 happy hour at all its bars, and features \$1.50 beers and \$5 call drinks. At those prices, it's painless to buy multiple rounds. There's a \$5 cover charge at the casino's Opal Ultra Lounge, but bachelor and bachelorette parties generally get in free. The lounge is on the small side, with a few private booths around the dance floor and a handful of go-go dancers gyrating on stages scattered about the club. Each night you'll see an artist show off his talents as he body paints some models. The best night to go is Friday, when ladies drink for free. Not only is it crawling with all the bachelorette parties, but the local girls who work the mountain are drawn to the free booze and decent beats.

OpalLakeTahoe.com

Paint the Town Blue

Squeeze Play

South Lake Tahoe has a split personality when it comes to vice. On the one hand, gambling and drinking are legal 24/7, but the resort town draws the line at girls shaking their money-makers for cash. Most bachelor parties tend to order in their entertainment because the nearest gentlemen's club is in Carson City—a 20-minute drive out of town. But Squeeze Play makes that commute painless by sending out a party bus to pick you up at your hotel or casino. It's a cozy little club—emphasis on *little*—with a homespun feel and a

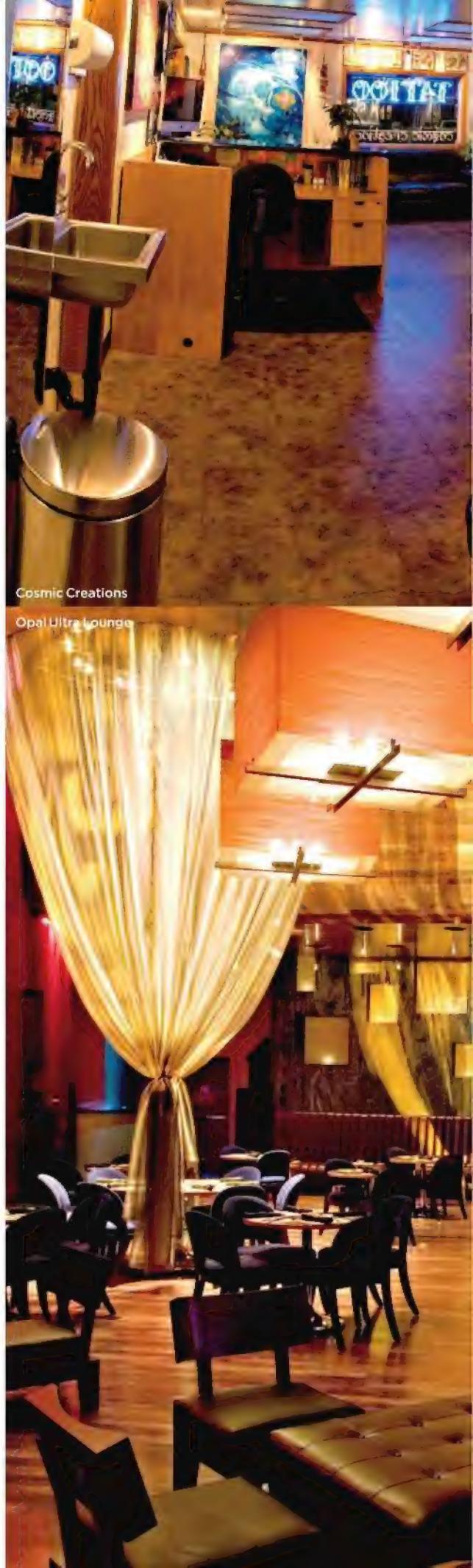
crowd that can be hit-or-miss. The dancers seem to be predominantly single moms working second jobs and tatted-up emo chicks with penchants for schoolgirl outfits and piercings—not exactly everyone's cup of tea. But the girls work hard for their money. Hand the stage dancer a dollar bill and she'll likely stick it in your pants, grab it with her teeth, then enthusiastically drive your face into her heavy breasts whether you're into it or not. The talent goes out of their way to give guys attention, and will even play a round of pool or a game of darts. That kind of work ethic makes up for the seedy atmosphere, and cheap drinks coupled with two-for-one \$20 lap dances during happy hour make this worth checking out. SqueezePlayCabaret.com

Penthouse Club

Head up to Reno, about an hour away, for a larger range of strip clubs; there's no set closing time for bars and clubs. You'll need to reserve a shuttle bus to make the trip, but think of it as more time to pre-fuel with cheap drinks. The all-new Penthouse Club Reno, slated to open in early 2011, combines one part high-tech, one part luxury, one part award-winning chef, and lots of beautiful women. With more than half a million dollars in sound and light systems enhancing the sumptuous decor, the Penthouse Club Reno will be the state-of-the-art gentlemen's club in North America. Of course, the beautiful Penthouse Key Girls seal the deal. Plus, the club is easy to find, right next to the Reno-Tahoe airport. PenthouseReno.com

Men's Club

This club boasts a full restaurant and a sushi bar that promotes "all you can eat sushi" seven days a week. Get past that to step into a parlor with plush upholstered armchairs and girls dancing on top of a grand piano. The vibe is lounge-y and sophisticated with the aura of a bordello. The dancers are industry professionals, and several commute from the Bay Area, so you'll see a lot more silicone than in other area clubs, but they're some of the prettiest dancers in town. Dining while watching the stage talent has a unique appeal, but service is suspiciously slow,





PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRIEN GOMEZ



especially for raw fish. That lull gives girls plenty of time to visit the tables and sweet-talk some lap time out of you; dances are a very reasonable \$20 in the main room and piano bar. Like all the clubs in the Tahoe area, the stage dancers are topless, but the lap dancers wear bikinis, and what you can get away with depends on the girl. The "private" VIP area has optional champagne service; with prices starting at \$130 for 15 minutes, it buys you a little more leeway, although it's nothing you couldn't get in the main room for a third of the price. RenoMensClub.com

Wild Orchid

Cross a giant sports bar with a strip club and you get the Wild Orchid. It's the largest strip club in Reno, with flat screens, a couple of bars, and nine stages. One cover charge gets you into three clubs (all owned by the same guy), and there is no drink minimum. The cover charge ranges from \$15 to \$25, depending on the night, but large groups can negotiate a better price. The girls of Wild Orchid are cute and natural, with a naughty coed vibe. Some of the girls know how to work the pole, while others are probably too drunk to try any dangerous moves on their five-inch heels. The younger ones tend to walk the room in pairs. They'll work hard to up-sell you on girl-on-girl action, but you'll more than likely end up with less of a show

than you wanted. Private couches and room prices depend on how busy the night is. Fantasy Girls is smaller and raunchier—the kind of club where you'd expect to (and probably will) see a catfight break out. The girls are a little rougher around the edges, but the talent is more ethnically mixed. You'll see limited dance moves onstage, though—the girls save their energy for the private rooms. Diamond Dolls is the smallest of the sister clubs and a local haunt. But make this club your last stop—after you've had a few, the talent may look better. 515 South Virginia Street, 775-324-1010

Getting Inked

Cosmic Creations Tattoo and Art Gallery

If you need a permanent reminder of the commitment and sacrifice you're about to make, this is the place to go. It's a new hybrid art gallery and custom tattoo shop that prides itself on original, one-of-a-kind pieces you won't find hanging on a board for dozens of other punters to copy. The downside is that you can't walk into the gallery not knowing what you want. You'll be met by a blank stare and probably a little attitude, and one of their artists—such as Colby Pfister, who is a Purdue University graduate—will pick your brain to draw up something for your approval. They don't really have a specific style, but shop owner Joe Schoenfeld says he's partial to visionary art. The shop also hosts guest artists, such as Tommy Helm and Bobby Chichester from Empire State Tattoo. CosmicCreationsTattoo.com



stormy weather

As you can probably imagine, we here at *Penthouse* are in possession of an embarrassment of riches when it comes to photos of beautiful women, and every once in a while we like to reach into the vault and share our good fortune with the world. This month, we have some previously unpublished images of Stormy Daniels, our February 2007 Pet of the Month. In honor of the beautiful, busty blonde, we're ushering in our own version of awards season.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios



The 36DD-26-36 Stormy is one of the most popular performers in the adult industry, and has won the Award for Favorite Breasts from Fans of Adult Media and Entertainment three times.









The 31-year-old has branched out into directing and writing as well, and she's won a number of awards for those efforts, including the 2008 NightMoves Adult Entertainment Award, Best Director in both the fans' choice and the editors' choice categories.

In 2009, Stormy won a Positive Image Award from the Free Speech Coalition, and a fan movement to "draft" her into running for a Senate seat in her home state of Louisiana gained serious momentum. Unfortunately, she announced in April 2010 that she would not run.





A photograph showing a woman's legs and feet from a low angle. She is wearing black sheer stockings and black high-heeled sandals. Her right leg is bent, and her foot is resting against a dark, textured wall. Her left leg is extended further back. She is wearing light-colored panties with a purple bow at the waist. The background shows a doorway leading to a room with a bed and some furniture.

Stormy can be seen in Judd Apatow's *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* (as a porn star) and *Knocked Up* (as a lap dancer), but her "video commentary" for *Space Nuts*, which won the 2004 AVN Award for Best Extras, is at the top of our list of Stormy moments. Who could ever forget watching her masturbate while she watches the movie? Every other commentary track we've ever heard pales in comparison.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF STORMY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





CELLULOID HEROES

We match the NBA's contenders—and a few pretenders—to the movies they most resemble.

By John Bolster

eBron James's decision to ditch the Cleveland Cavaliers and join forces with fellow superstars Dwyane Wade and Chris Bosh in Miami—by far the biggest story in a very busy NBA off-season—

was debatable. You could argue

that as a free agent he had the right to handpick his next team. You could also argue, as Michael Jordan and others did, that as the would-be king of the NBA, James should want to beat rival stars like Wade and Bosh, not team up with them.

But *The Decision*, the hour-long TV special on which James made the .5-second announcement—and broke up with the city of Cleveland on national television—was not debatable. Everyone hated it. It was a selfish, self-absorbed, and stunningly un-self-aware diva move straight out of Norma Desmond's playbook in *Sunset Boulevard*.

And James, it turns out, was not ready for his close-up: The fallout from *The Decision* caused his negative Q Score to soar. Now, NBA fans—outside of Miami, anyway—have a real Hollywood-style villain to root against.

With that in mind, let's look at the current crop of NBA contenders—and a pretender in each conference—and see what movies they call to mind.



LeBron James,
or, as some
have taken to
calling him,
“LeCon.”



Dwight Howard. Has the Superman franchise gotten stale?

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Pretender: Washington Wizards

Movie: *2001: A Space Odyssey*

Why it suits them: Their best player, Gilbert Arenas (nickname: Agent Zero), has always been a little spacey, but more than that, the team went through a mind-blowing journey this past year. Their owner, Abe Pollin, died; Arenas was suspended; the roster was dismantled. Since then they've been reborn like the space baby at the end of Stanley Kubrick's slow-burning masterpiece. They picked up greased-lightning point guard John Wall via the draft, and traded for shooting guard Kirk Hinrich.

Box-office potential: Wall has unlimited potential and will definitely pack them in. Arenas is healthy, and he should be hungry. Hinrich is a steady veteran, and new acquisition Yi Jianlian might be a sneaky-good pickup. The Wizards have been remade, and should be a solid attraction at home and on the road this season.

Awards season? Not this year. They'll be fun to watch, and the playoffs are a possibility, but don't expect much more.

5 Atlanta Hawks

Movie: *Paycheck*

Why it suits them: The Hawks dished out a six-year, \$123-million deal for Joe Johnson—their best player, sure, but also a 29-year-old guard who's shown no ability to take them beyond the second round of the playoffs. Roger Ebert described John Woo's *Paycheck* as a film that seems to lose "enthusiasm for itself and should be scored with [the Peggy Lee song] 'Is That All There Is?'" Sounds about like the Hawks' season come playoff time.

Box-office potential: With Al Horford and Josh Smith in the pivot, and Jamal Crawford off the bench, the Hawks will compete, and they'll make the playoffs. But their fan base has never been inspired or inspiring.

Awards season? Possibly another Sixth Man award for Crawford, but look for the Hawks to plummet out of the sky next spring.

4 Chicago Bulls

Movie: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Why it suits them: What happens to a dream deferred? Two years ago, in one of the most exciting playoff series of all time, the young Bulls took the defending champion Celtics to seven games—four of them going to overtime—before falling. That got everyone dreaming about how good Chicago would be in 2009-10. Yet the Bulls dipped to .500, barely made the playoffs, and crashed out in the first round. This year, they've added veteran forward Carlos Boozer and are poised for a happier ending.

Box-office potential: They may not bring back the Jordan era in Chicago, but the Bulls' cast of Derrick Rose, Boozer, Joakim Noah, and Luol Deng, plus deadeye shooter Kyle Korver off the bench, will put fans in the seats and a buzz in the United Center.

Awards season? Rose is a superstar in the making, and this group could do some damage in the playoffs, but it will be hard-pressed to overcome the top dogs in the East.

3 Orlando Magic

Movie: *Superman III*

Why it suits them: The Magic's talented supporting cast will ride as far as the cape of their resident Superman—hyperathletic big man Dwight Howard—will carry them. It's the same formula they've used the past two years, but this season their Eastern Conference rivals have reloaded, while they've stood pat. So, like the third installment of the *Superman* franchise, expect an entertaining time, but diminishing returns.

Box-office potential: They have talent all over the floor and will win 50-plus games again this season, to the delight of fans at the Amway Center. But an improved J. J. Redick and new point guard Chris Duhon will not be enough to get them past Miami and Boston.



[2010-11 NBA preview]

Awards season? Howard is always capable of an MVP season, and he led them to the 2009 Finals. But for the reasons cited above, we see through the Magic championship act this year.

2

Boston Celtics

Movie: *X-Men: The Last Stand*

Why it suits them: In 2007, Boston went out and got Ray Allen, with his mutant long-range shooting ability, and Kevin Garnett, with his superpowers in the paint, to join resident legend Paul Pierce. The trio of superheroes delivered an NBA title in their first season together, and came within a game of another crown last season. Now, Pierce is 33, Garnett is 34, and Allen is 35—this season could be their last shot at adding hardware to the Celtics' crowded trophy case (17 NBA titles).

Box-office potential: Immense. They've added big men Shaquille O'Neal and Jermaine O'Neal to spell Garnett in the middle. And point guard Rajon Rondo has joined "the Big Three" as a legit NBA star. Beantown will be fired up, again.

Awards season? If the injury bug doesn't hit this aging cast, they'll be a very tough out next spring. Side note: Shaq would love nothing more than to get a crack at former feuding teammate Kobe Bryant in the NBA Finals. See Lakers entry.

1

Miami Heat

Movie: *Con Air*

Why it suits them: A cast of All-Star villains (James, Wade, Bosh to match Malkovich, Buscemi, Rhames) cynically thrown together (inside the AmericanAirlines Arena) for a blockbuster thrill ride. Except where that movie had a sense of humor about itself, these guys are oblivious.

Box-office potential: Off the charts. They will pack them in at home and on the road, where many fans will delight in rooting against them—and in Cleveland, well, it could get ugly.

Awards season? The central trio makes Miami filthy rich with talent, and the supporting cast of sharpshooting Mike Miller and veteran big men Zydrunas Ilgauskas and Juwan Howard provides championship-caliber depth. So ... yeah, they are the odds-on favorite to win it all. But like the time Chicago won Best Picture at the Academy Awards, we won't be happy about it.



WESTERN CONFERENCE

Pretender: Golden State Warriors

Movie: *The Wizard of Oz*

Why it suits them: Because of the "ding-dong, the witch is dead" scene, as it applies to former owner Chris Cohan. Google the man and stand back as articles headed "Chris Cohan's Worst Screwups as Warriors Owner" and "Chris Cohan ... Said No to Kevin Garnett," and our personal favorite, the web page ChrisCohanSucks.blogspot.com, pop up. Yes, Cohan was not well-liked in the Bay Area. But he sold the team in July 2010—*who-hoo!* The Warriors also added quality former Knicks forward David Lee to a core that includes rising star Stephen Curry, Monta Ellis, Andris Biedrins, and Brandan Wright.

Box-office potential: Reborn. Golden State has always been one of the coolest teams in the NBA, with a legacy of characters including Wilt Chamberlain, Rick Barry, Nate Thurmond, and World B. Free. Oaktown fans will be pumped to embrace the new, Cohan-less era.

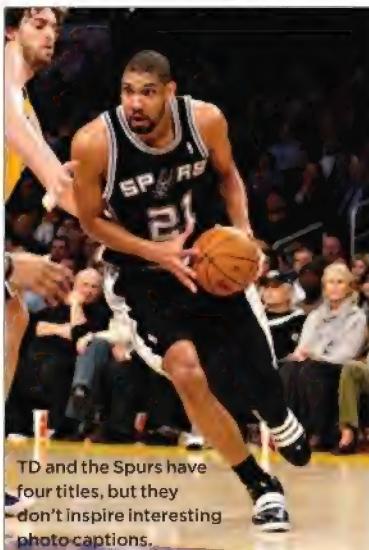
Awards season? The playoffs will be a stretch for them in the very tough Western Conference, but things are looking up in Oakland.

5

San Antonio Spurs

Movie: *The Over-the-Hill Gang*

Why it suits them: Like the heroes in that made-for-TV western, age has caught up with the four-time champion Spurs. Their centerpiece, future Hall of Famer Tim Duncan, is 34, high-scoring Argentine Manu Ginobili is 33, and power forward Antonio McDyess is 36. Sure, Tony Parker (28) and Richard Jefferson (30) are still spry, but the Spurs will have to rely on wits and smarts—or a trade-deadline deal—to be a bona fide contender in the West this year.



TD and the Spurs have four titles, but they don't inspire interesting photo captions.

Box-office potential: Even when they were winning championships on a seemingly annual basis, the Spurs were kind of ... boring. Like Duncan, they're low on frills and big on machinelike efficiency. But they added intriguing Brazilian big man Tiago Splitter, 25, to buttress the young players already in place, George Hill and DeJuan Blair.

Awards season? Splitter for Rookie of the Year? Doubtful, and we don't see much else happening for San Antonio.

4

Portland Trail Blazers

Movie: *M*A*S*H*

Why it suits them: The Blazers spent more time battling injuries than opponents last year—yet still won 50 games and made a respectable showing in the playoffs. At various stages, Portland lost the following players to the disabled list: Brandon Roy, Nicolas Batum, Joel Przybilla, Travis Outlaw, Jerryd Bayless, Rudy Fernandez, and, of course, Greg Oden, the 2007 No. 1 draft pick, who has missed most of his

three NBA seasons with injuries. Hell, even coach Nate McMillan got hurt last year, rupturing his Achilles tendon.

Box-office potential: Portland is a contender, and their fans have embraced this young team after years of disillusionment with the "Jail Blazers" teams of the early aughts.

Awards season? If Oden gets healthy—a big *if*—this group can go far. If he doesn't, hey, they've been a playoff team, essentially without him, for the past two years anyway.

3 Oklahoma City Thunder

Movie: *Reservoir Dogs*

Why it suits them: Whatever your opinion of Quentin Tarantino's later career, it's hard to argue that his pulsating first flick didn't signal a brash new talent on the block. That's exactly what the Thunder and superduperstar Kevin Durant are. If anyone had any doubts—and we're not sure anyone did—they were obliterated when Durant led a second-tier (except for him) U.S. team to the World Championship in Turkey this past summer.

Box-office potential: Huge, and likely to snowball. Durant could surpass James as the hottest ticket in the league, and his supporting cast, led by point guard Russell Westbrook, is ready for its close-up.

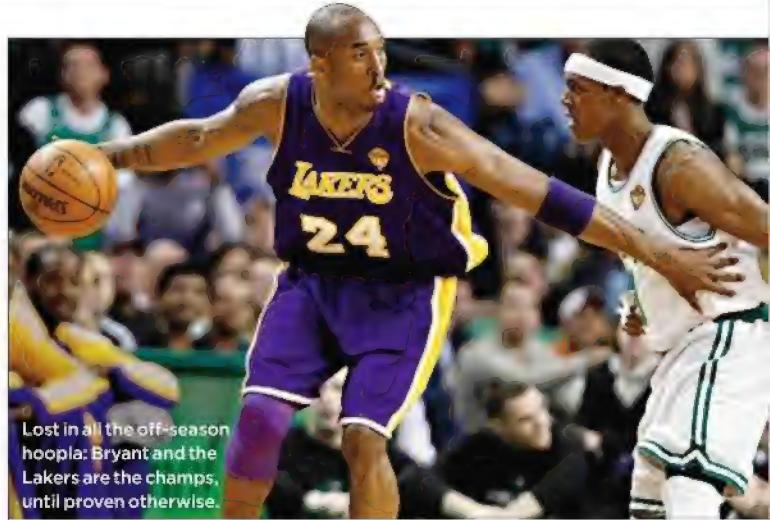
Awards season? Durant is only 22, but make no mistake: His skill set is completely off the charts. He can score inside, outside, mid-range—and his D is underrated. Don't be surprised if he, Westbrook, forward Jeff Green, and shooting guard James Harden topple the Lakers' dynasty next spring. Shoulda been you, Seattle.

2 Dallas Mavericks

Movie: *Unforgiven*

Why it suits them: Remember the Miami-Dallas NBA Finals from 2006? Dallas fans haven't forgotten, or forgiven, the bum deal they got from the refs in Game 5 of that series. Dirk Nowitzki is not retired like Bill Munny in Clint Eastwood's classic western, but he is definitely a gunslinger, and the Mavs' best move this off-season was to re-sign him and fellow seven-footer Brendan Haywood to make sure they're still equipped to shoot it out with the Western Conference's elite.

Box-office potential: With goofy owner Mark Cuban cheering them on from the front row as usual, the Mavs will remain among the more entertaining and competitive teams in the NBA.



Lost in all the off-season hoopla, Bryant and the Lakers are the champs, until proven otherwise.

Awards season? They have a solid core in Nowitzki, point guard Jason Kidd, and small forward Caron Butler, and significant weapons in shooting guard Jason Terry and versatile vet Shawn Marion. They also picked up seven-foot-one Tyson Chandler. Dallas is hungry, and this could be their last stand. But we have doubts about the 37-year-old Kidd down the stretch.

1 Los Angeles Lakers

Movie: *Once Upon a Time in the West*

Why it suits them: Here's Kobe Bryant after the Lakers won the NBA title last spring: "I just got one more than Shaq."

You can take that to the bank. You know how I am, I don't forget anything." According to *The Boston Globe*, this comment was the tipping point in the Celtics' decision to sign the well-traveled Big Aristotle. If the stars align, they'll set up an NBA Finals revenge tableau worthy of Sergio Leone's classic spaghetti western.

Box-office potential: Gangbusters, as usual. Including, at the Staples Center, the standard retinue of Hollywood types.

Awards season? The defending champs welcomed back coach Phil Jackson, who had considered walking away, and signed free-agent point guard Steve Blake to complement 36-year-old Derek Fisher. That addressed the only real need they had, as all their championship components—Bryant, Pau Gasol, Ron Artest, Andrew Bynum, and Lamar Odom—are back. We wouldn't bet against them.

ALSO PLAYING

Master and Commander: Phoenix Suns

Point guard extraordinaire Steve Nash and coach Alvin Gentry will try to get the Suns' new group, led by Hedo Turkoglu, to overcome the losses of Amare Stoudemire and Leandro Barbosa.

Up in the Air: Denver Nuggets

The on-again, off-again trade rumors involving dissatisfied superstar Carmelo Anthony had this team in limbo.



The 40-Year-Old Virgin: New York Knicks

No, they didn't sign A. C. Green, but the Knicks are fast approaching the 40th anniversary of the last time they scored a title (1973). Amare Stoudemire was a nice pickup, but he's not doing it alone.

Hoosiers: Indiana Pacers

The Pacers worked a trade for point guard Darren Collison, who forms a solid foundation with Danny Granger and Roy Hibbert. The beginnings of a feel-good story in Indiana, which hasn't had a winning season since 2004-05.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



NOTONIGHT, BABE

My girlfriend says she gets a headache whenever I go down on her. Is this possible? I've had plenty of girlfriends and have eaten my share of pussy, and this is the first time I've heard of this. And by the way, she gives great blowjobs, so it's not a case of her not wanting to feel obligated to go down on me. I want to do for her what she does for me, but I don't know how to fix this.

The Downs side: Her malady sounds like what doctors call a "benign sexual headache." As sexual pleasure begins to build, people sometimes tense their head and neck muscles in a way that brings on a headache. If that's your girlfriend's problem, she could make a point of relaxing while you go to work on her box. Instead of clenching her jaw as the good feelings flow, tell her to breathe freely and deeply from her belly, and allow herself to moan and cry out if need be.

Guys aren't the only ones who've learned the habit of keeping quiet during sex. Many people of both sexes train themselves to tighten up and hold their breath in the throes of sexual ecstasy, so as not to let everyone in the house know what they're up to.

Tell her that, as a grown-up in her own home, she can be as loud as she wants. If she's got roommates, they should be politely deaf to occasional sex noises coming from her room. If they object, they really ought to grow up.

If she's got kids at home, she could inform them that Mommy sometimes makes funny sounds in the bedroom, but that means she's having fun and it's nothing to worry about.

There's another medical explanation for sexual headaches. A sudden spike in blood pressure that comes with orgasm can trigger what's called a "thunderclap" headache. This kind of

headache rarely points to a more serious health problem, but your girlfriend might want to see a doctor for treatment. Thunderclap headaches can be prevented by taking a prescription drug called propanalol, commonly used to treat high blood pressure, heart-rhythm problems, and migraine headaches.

The Pet doctor: Yes, headaches during and after sex are quite possible and not uncommon. They are called benign headaches, and there are two types. The first one is the tension headache, which is triggered when the excitement of the sexual activity causes muscle contractions in the head and neck. It usually peaks right before or during orgasm, and goes away right after.

The second type is a migraine caused by blood-vessel dilation in the head, and can last for a few hours. Both can be treated effectively, sometimes with drugs called beta-blockers, nonsteroidal anti-inflammatories (NSAIDs), calcium channel blockers, and anti-migraine drugs. But in order to work, these medications need to be taken before sexual activity begins.

Reducing stress also seems to prevent and lessen coital headaches. Many women experience "response anxiety" or psychological pressure to respond to a partner's efforts to give them an orgasm. Such response anxiety—the equivalent of male performance anxiety—is the reason why so many women fake orgasms, or develop headaches in the process of trying to reach one. In your case, try giving your girlfriend an aspirin and a full-body massage before you start going down on her. Her headaches will probably subside as she learns to relax while you're eating her out. If that doesn't help, ask her to see a doctor for a prescription for one of the above meds.

■ SEXSOMNIA

My boyfriend has a history of sleepwalking, which he says he's overcome. We just moved in together and several times, in the middle of the night, we've had some really good sex, but he doesn't seem to remember it. Is sleepfucking part of the sleepwalking condition?

The Downs side: Yes, sleep sex, or "sexsomnia," is a sleep disorder like sleepwalking, and many people who engage in sleep sex also have been sleepwalkers. Researchers have found that men with the disorder usually grope or have sex during a sleep-sex episode, whereas women with the disorder nearly always masturbate or talk dirty. A person who engages in the kind of sleep sex that's similar to sleepwalking typically has no memory of it afterward and may even snore during sexsomnia.

Sometimes sleep sex can be, as you say, really good for the partner who's awake. In one study, a woman told researchers that when her boyfriend had sleep sex with her, he was a "more amorous and gentle lover," and more interested in satisfying her. Another woman interviewed for a study said she liked some of the kinky rough stuff her sexsommianc boyfriend did with her in his sleep, and they incorporated these things into their waking sex life.

But there's also a dark side to sexsomnia. Take, for example, the case of a guy who "went sleepwalking into the bedroom of his aunt and uncle" and "started fondling his uncle's genitals." Try living that one down.

But what's much worse, sexsommians have been known to commit violent sexual assaults against their bedmates or nearby sleepers. Worst of all are the cases in which adults have sexually abused children, including their own, during bouts of sexsomnia. So please, warn your boyfriend that no matter how innocent his intent, he should never share a bed with a child—maybe not even a hotel room.

Research has also shown that sexsommians may be more likely to act out sexually in their sleep if they've been drinking, and if they're overtired or stressed out. The sleeping pill Ambien has been linked to sleep sex, along with other bizarre somnambulistic antics. You may be enjoying your boyfriend's somnolent attention now, but you and he should be aware that it could get ugly.

And if ever you don't feel like getting rogered at 4 a.m., a brisk slap across his face should do the trick.

The Pet doctor: Sleepsex, "sexsomnia," or SBS is sexual behavior that occurs during sleep. Just like some folks walk, talk, eat, (and even drive, yikes!) during sleep, others, like your boyfriend, fuck. SBS is listed in the *International Classification of Sleep Disorders*. Recent medical research suggests sexual behavior during sleep is a distinct form of sleep-related behavior in the class "parasomnias," a variant of an existent sleep disorder known as a "confusional arousal."

There are about 11 different sex-related sleep disorders, collectively referred to as "sexsomnia." People are at risk for developing sex-related sleep disorders when they have pre-existing sleep disorders—such as sleepwalking or sleep terrors. SBS is more prevalent in men, and it's not uncommon for them to masturbate and reach orgasm while asleep. Chances are your boyfriend really doesn't remember all that sleepfucking. If it bothers either of you, his SBS can be treated with medication. But keep in mind the bottom line: If the sex is good, who cares if he remembers it or not? At least he's riding you, and not his motorcycle or the family dog. As long as you discourage him from sleepovers at your BFF's house, neither of you should have any issues engaging in some somnambulistic nocturnal romps. Sweet sleepfucking!



■ THE KINKY TRAVELER

My husband is currently in another state on a month-long business trip and I want to surprise him with a visit. I plan on bringing along some of our usual toys: vibrators, cuffs, etc. Is there a travel-friendly way I can bring my gear in my carry-on and get through security without causing a minor scene?

The Downs side: Sorry, no. First off, any bottles of sex lube in excess of 3.4 ounces would be confiscated at security. And while it's perfectly legal to carry dildos, bondage accoutrement, and vibrators on an airplane, there's no guarantee that TSA screeners won't question you about them.

If you would be embarrassed to say, for all to hear,

"It's a butt plug, sir. I put it up my ass for sexual pleasure," then you probably shouldn't pack it in your carry-on.

Even your checked bag might be opened and searched, and Homeland Security might have a puerile laugh over its contents, but you'd be browsing the magazine racks while your intimate things were being inspected. You would be none the wiser until you unpacked your bag and found the TSA notice card placed inside.

An electric toy stowed in your checked bag could cause trouble if it accidentally switched on. No one at the airport likes a vibrating suitcase. It's a good idea to take out the batteries while packing, just in case.

The Pet doctor: Like you, I always bring my sex toys along when I travel, even though it is always a nuisance. And, yes, I have had some personal run-ins with airport security, like the time a female officer pulled my mini vibrator out of my purse, twirled it in her hand, and smelled it—which prompted her to drop it back in my purse, run out, and come back with latex gloves on.

You and I are not alone in traveling with our cherished vibrating companions. As many as 23 percent of American women have taken a vibrator with them on vacation, according to one survey.

So what's the easiest way of getting your rockets,

rabbits, and bondage gear through airport security without becoming a suspected sex-obsessed terrorist? Like Martin says, the best thing is to avoid the security check altogether by putting your toys in the luggage you plan to check.

It's also a good idea to take the batteries out of the toys or put one battery in backward to avoid an accidental buzzing sound. There are websites that sell special travel containers for toys, or you can use a simple cloth drawstring bag, the kind meant for storing shoes or liquor bottles.

If you insist on bringing your toys in your carry-on, be prepared for aggravation. There's no way to ensure that your rocket will not be pulled out and examined by a cognitively challenged security officer—after all, brain surgeons they are not.

You can try to disguise your toys by putting them in your makeup bag, where they may be camouflaged by brushes and curling irons. Better yet, invest in sex toys that don't look like sex toys, like I Rub My Duckie; lipstick-, toothbrush-, and pen-shaped vibrators; futuristic-looking anal beads; and bondage ties that look like silk scarves—most of which you can find at PenthouseStore.com.

If you choose to bring lubricants along in your carry-on, they must be fewer than 3.4 ounces and stored in a quart-size ziplock bag. Anything larger will be confiscated by security, so the best way to carry on personal lubricant is in sample sizes. If you love your economy-size bottle of personal lube, you must put it in your checked baggage—although I strongly advise against it. Liquids often explode from changes in air pressure, and there is nothing worse than having silicone lube spill in your luggage. It will find its way out of any ziplock bag, and you'll never get rid of the sticky, slippery mess it will create.

Choose your toys carefully and remember—you can always do without them by getting creative with bananas, baby oil, and ultrasonic toothbrushes.



SPLISH SPLASH

Is there anything wrong with having sex in a hot tub or pool in the privacy of your own backyard?

My wife seems to have a never-ending list of reasons why we shouldn't, but I don't think there's anything wrong with screwing in the water—is there?

The Downs side: There's a myth out there on the internet that having sex underwater can "force bacteria into the vagina" and cause an infection. It looks to me like writers have just been Googling one another and parroting this factoid. There is not a shred of evidence to show that fucking in water increases the risk of vaginal infections. Perhaps this misconception is based on the fact that douching can lead to an infection called bacterial vaginosis. Washing out the vagina can disrupt the normal balance of bacteria living there, allowing unhealthy bacteria to take over.

Some water may squelch into the vagina while you're fucking, but that's not the same as flooding it with a scented detergent solution.

What if the water in which you're fucking is contaminated? A poorly maintained pool or hot tub can be teeming with nasty microbes like *E. coli*, a common cause of urinary-tract infec-

tions. But so can your dick, even if you soap it up in the shower every day. Each time you screw, you and your wife swap genital bacteria, so her cooch is no more likely to get rankled in the Jacuzzi than it is in your bed.

That's not to say that sex underwater is easy to pull off. Water washes away the natural lubrication of the vagina. Without added lube, submerged sex is not at all comfortable. You might as well fuck one of those inflatable water wings that kids wear in the pool.

To get the glide on, you need a lube that isn't water-soluble, like a silicone-based one. Have her lube up before going in the water, and keep the bottle handy in case she needs to reapply.

Oil-based lubes also stay slippery when wet, but they could leave a greasy slick on the water when the waves subside. And I'm always obliged to mention that oils destroy latex condoms.

If you would normally use a condom, don't forgo it in the water. Just keep in mind that it could be more prone to slippage. Try using a female condom instead, which would be more likely to stay in place while you churn it up.

The Pet doctor: Your spouse is right—hot-tub intercourse is not a great idea. It's one of those things that seems to be a lot more fun, romantic, and sensual than it actually is. In general, aqua sex is often physically uncomfortable, especially for the woman, as the water washes away her natural vaginal lubrication. Without artificial lube, there is a high possibility of vaginal-tissue tear during penetration. In addition, chemicals in the hot tub (such as chlorine and bromine) can cause a potential infection or irritation of vaginal or penile tissue. That's the reason why many women report a high incidence of yeast and urinary-tract infections following hot-tub sex.

If that's not enough, a hot-tub orgasm can lead to vertigo and dizziness, particularly if your body is fully immersed and the temperature is above 102 degrees. Having an orgasm raises your heart rate and body temperature and makes you sweat, but the hot water does not allow your body to properly cool itself. As a result, if your body temperature spikes too high, you may pass out.

If you still insist on hot-water romping, follow these rules:

1. Don't set your spa temperature above 102 degrees Fahrenheit.
2. Assume a sex position in which you are not fully immersed—preferably one in which your genitals are out of the water (doggie-style with her leaning over the side of the tub works).
3. Apply a silicone-based lubricant to your penis and your wife's vagina to reduce friction.
4. Do not use too much thrusting, as even with copious amounts of lubricant, penetration in the water can cause minor tears in your wife's vagina.
5. Stop and get out immediately if you feel dizzy or faint. A safer idea: hot-tub oral sex instead of intercourse (just don't swallow too much chlorine).¹

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

**“Take off your
panties, put on this
blindfold, and come
inside. You’ve been
a very naughty
girl!”**

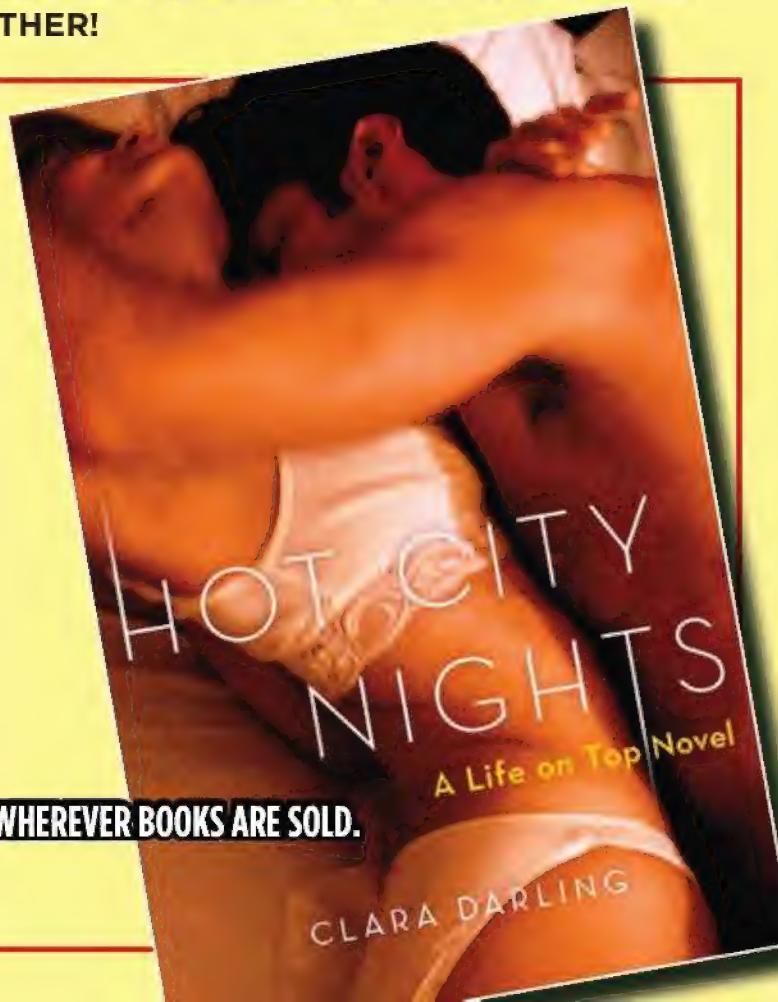
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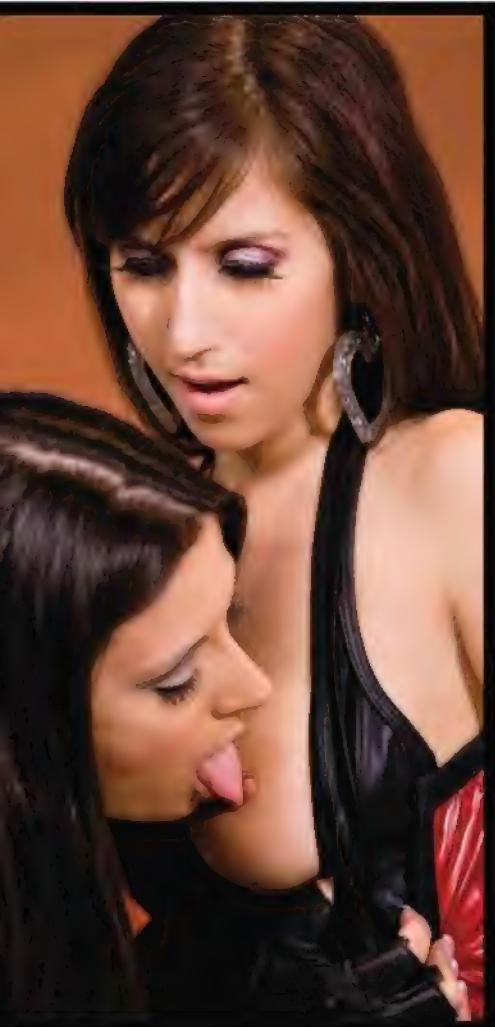
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St. Martin's Griffin





model behavior

Nikki and April have worked science-fiction events before, but their outfits for this convention are even more revealing than usual—and leave almost all their most sensually sensitive areas readily accessible. With little to get in the way of their probing fingers and tongues, they're able to sate their erotic desires during their dinner break. Even better, they have two more days to go....

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



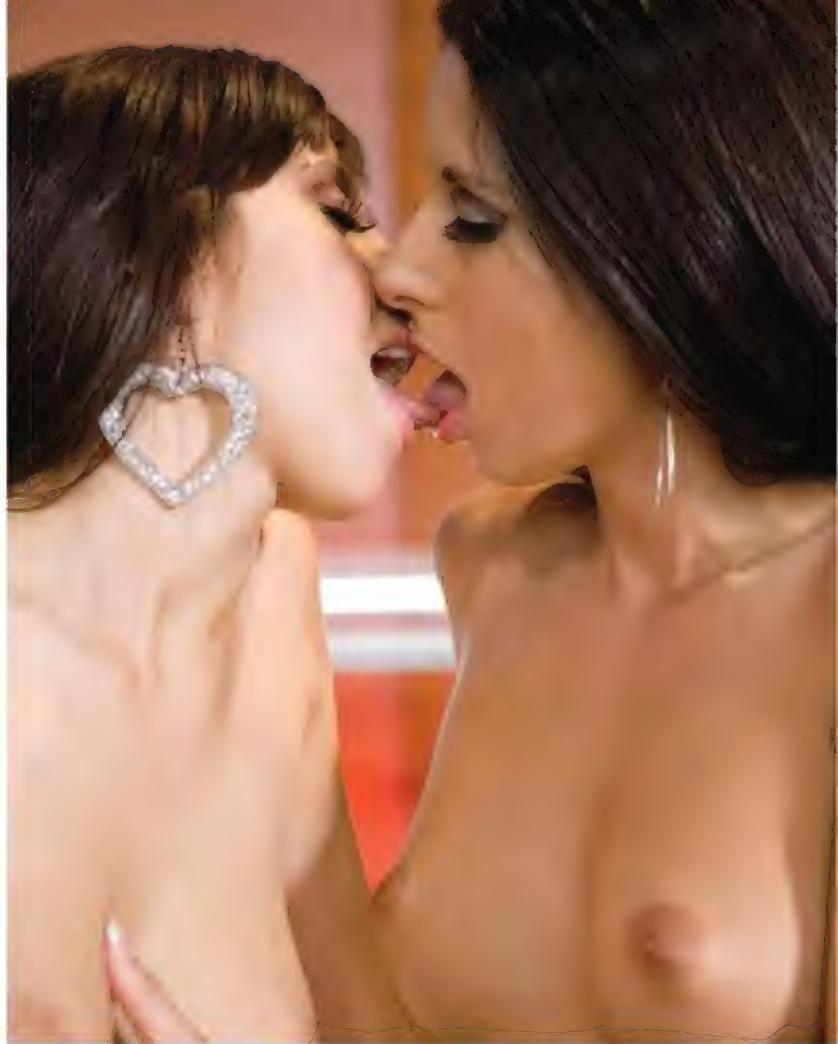












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Coming

Whether you do it in the bedroom, the kitchen, or an outdoor shower, there's nothing like christening a new living space with hot, steamy sex.

*By Clara Darling
Illustrations by Charlene Chua*

Sophie had received a distressing call from her real estate agent and had wasted no time in leaving the Hamptons. Despite the awful traffic, she had finally made her way to the charming Tribeca block of the condo she wanted. She smoothly parallel parked on what she hoped would be her new street. This wasn't the moment to moon over her nonexistent love life. She needed to get up there and save the apartment she had worked so hard to find, or her heart would be broken beyond repair. There were many more fish in the sea, romantically speaking, but there was only one perfect New York condo, and she would be damned if she'd lose it.

Her agent hadn't been very forthcoming over the phone, stating merely that another buyer was offering to pay cash for the place, and that the sellers were tempted to take it. Maybe they already had. The fucking Long Island Expressway had been awful; Sophie was 25 minutes late, and her agent wasn't responding to her texts. She raced up the stairs to the top floor, praying that she had gotten there in time.

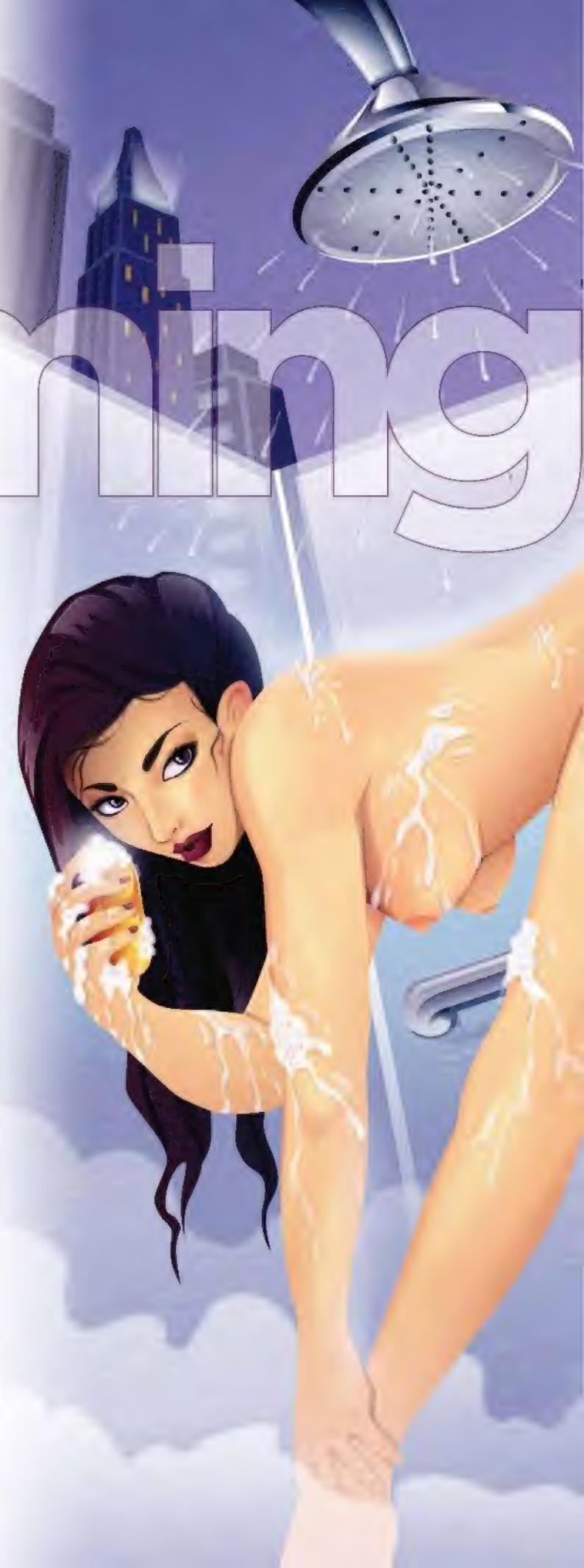
The door was wide open, and she saw the young married couple who owned the place shaking hands with a dark-haired man whose back was to her. The sleazy real estate agent stood off to one side, smiling like the cat that ate the canary.

"We're so pleased this all worked out," said the woman, handing over the keys.

"It was a pleasure doing business with you," said the man who had stolen Sophie's dream home. His voice sounded familiar. As Sophie stepped across the threshold, the slim man turned to face her, and she gasped. It was Tai.

When he fixed her with his beautiful dark eyes, Sophie didn't know what to feel. The sight of him set her pussy involuntarily throbbing, but at the same time she felt furious and humiliated. How had he known she was going to close on this place? And how could he be so cruel as to steal it from her?

The couple brushed past, refusing to meet her eyes. The real estate agent touched her lightly on the arm and said, "Miss Steele,





clean

I'm very sorry this didn't work out. But I have a lovely property just down the block that I think—”

“I would rather die than see you get another commission,” she told him. She was shaking with rage. All the work she had done to find this place, wasted. And she lost it to Tai!

In a moment, everyone else had filed down the stairs and the two of them were alone in the empty, sunlit space.

“Sophie,” he said. His voice was soft and tentative, as though she were a wild animal that might pounce.

“How could you do this to me?” she cried. “How did you even know I was bidding?”

“Sophie, calm down.”

“Don’t tell me to calm down! Are you happy now? Is this your idea of revenge?”

“What? No, I—”

Sophie felt the cold chunk of ice in her stomach melt and she broke down into sobs. It was too cruel. She couldn’t bear the nearness of him, reminding her of poker games and whiskey and fine hotels, of his long cock and strong arms and all the things she had lost. She needed to get away from him and out from under this spacious ceiling and beautiful natural light that would never be hers. She turned to leave but he grabbed her arm.

“Sophie, please don’t cry. Listen. That woman you work with called me—Regina. She was the one who told me about this place. She told me you missed me but that you were too proud to apologize.”

“What?” Sophie couldn’t believe her ears. Why would Regina do something like that? And why would Tai respond by scooping the apartment up from underneath her? Sophie looked down at the floor because she couldn’t bear to look at his handsome face. “I am sorry,” she said. “I’m sorry for screwing things up with you and I’m sorry for leaving you out of the decision. I’ve ... I’ve grown since then. I’m trying to be better at talking to people about my feelings.” She sighed. “I guess you got your revenge now, stealing my apartment.”

She dared a glance up at him and saw that he was smiling at her gently. He spread his hands out, gesturing to the gleaming hardwood floors and huge windows. “I didn’t steal it from you, Sophie. I bought it for you.”

Sophie could feel the heat coming off his body. He said softly, “Regina insisted you missed me and wanted me back. Is that true, Sophie? Do you miss me? Do you want to give it another try?”

Was this some kind of trick? She had finally started to get used to the thought of life without him.

She looked at him, noticing how he had dressed up for this meeting, forgoing his usual snowboarding tee and cargos for corduroys that showed off his lean hips and a pinstriped shirt with cuff links shaped like spades. More than anything else, Sophie wanted to nestle into his arms, but something inside her resisted. Who was to say things would be different this time around? Who was to say she wouldn't get hurt again, this time even worse?

She reached in her pocket and pulled out a penny. Heads, she would tell him she missed him. Tails, she would tell him to go away. She flicked the coin up in the air. It twirled upward, but just before it landed in her open palm, Tai snatched it.

"Life isn't a game, Sophie."

"I know that."

He smiled. "Well, if you're determined to play it that way, I guess I can't stop you. Heads, you'll move in with me, and tails you won't."

He flipped the coin again, this time letting it take its course. It spun through the air and smacked down heads-up in Sophie's palm. She felt an immediate rush of relief.

Then she had a funny suspicion. She flipped the coin over. Heads on both sides! Somehow Tai had managed to swap her penny out for a ringer.

He grinned. "Never leave the important things to luck."

Before she could say anything, he was lifting her up in his arms and she was melting against his body. "I lost you once and I'm not losing you again," he told her. He carried her effortlessly up the stairs and out to the terrace that she adored.

"My favorite part about this place is the outdoor shower," he said, setting her down gently right beside it.

"What about all your hotels?" she asked.

He took her face between his soft, warm hands. "I want a home. I think it took a little space apart for me to see that."

"I've been so sad, Tai," she told him. She started to break down into tears again. "I thought I'd never see you again."

"Shhh." He unbuttoned her dress and let it fall to the tiled floor of the terrace. When he looked her up and down, she felt a wave of heat sweep through her body. Her nipples hardened and poked toward him through the lace of her bra.

"It's not polite to point," he said, brushing the tips of his fingers against her puckered nipples until they grew harder and higher.

"Very funny."

"Here, let me help you with that." He went around behind her to unhook her bra. As her breasts popped free from the lace cups, he slid his hands around and held them, pressing them into her body, pressing her into him.

"I love you, Sophie. We won't be apart anymore, okay?"

"Okay."

She shivered as he slid his hands along her sides to hook the edges of her boy shorts and peel them down over her hips. As she stepped out of them, she could see the wetness on the crotch. She couldn't even remember what they had fought about. She turned to face him, completely naked.

He reached out for the massive silver tap of the glass-walled outdoor shower, and soon a cascade of water was gushing from the showerhead. Still in his thick cords and long-sleeved shirt, he scooped her back up, stepped into the glass booth, and held her under the water. She shrieked. It was freezing cold.

She felt his shaft get even stiffer inside her, and he worked it in and out with a frenzy until his balls slapped the backs of her thighs. She arched her back so he could get in deeper.

"Relax. It will warm up in a second," Tai said. "Besides, cold water is good for you. Samurai warriors would train under ice-cold waterfalls."

Her teeth were chattering so hard that she could barely say, "We're not warriors."

"Sure we are. Look how hard we fought to get here."

She laughed. Tai did feel heroic, standing there holding her so tightly under the gush of freezing water. She pressed her face to his sodden shirt, feeling the hardness of his collarbones beneath it, and her shivering subsided. He was right about it warming up.

Once it was hot, he set her down and began peeling off his wet clothes to hang over the wall. Sophie twirled around, letting the delicious jets cascade over her body to massage her breasts, to beat down on her belly, and, lower still, to tickle the mound of her vulva and bring her clit to life. She felt the sexual part of her, which she had worked so hard to put to sleep, waking up again. And it woke up hungry.

"Penny for your thoughts," said Tai.

She opened her eyes. He was leaning against the steamed-up glass, stroking his hard cock as he watched her.

"When I didn't see your cock for a while, I started to think I'd been imagining how big it was," she told him. "But now I see it again, and it's even bigger than I remember."

"It got smaller when you weren't around."

She laughed, but she said a silent prayer that Tai's cock would never grow any smaller or any bigger. It was a full ten inches hard—any more and it wouldn't fit; any less and she would be disappointed. She picked up a bar of lemongrass soap that the owners had left in the dish and peeled off the wrapper.

"You know, I think it's a little dirty."

Rubbing the thick, fragrant bar of soap between her hands, she knelt down on the tiles to lather him up. She ran her hands along his ropy thighs and up over his balls, cradling them gently. She traced the seam between the testicles. She wanted to memorize every detail of him all over again. She reached behind to lather the lean muscles of his ass. Tai moaned.

She had once asked Bella for sex tips based on her experience as a nude model, and Bella had told her, "The road to a man's cock is through his eyes. Always put on a show. Exhibit your body for him and give him big puppy-dog eyes while you do it."

Sophie felt a little corny doing this, but she stood up now and lathered herself up. She leaned against the back wall and moved the bar in big circles around her breasts until they shone with a slick film of soap. Then she caressed her breasts, rolling the nipples between her fingers so they poked red and hard out of the downy suds.

Tai was clearly thrilled. He reached down and stroked his long dick, already lathered with soap. "Oh, God, baby," he murmured. "I missed you so much."

Encouraged, she moved the bar lower down, enjoying the smooth feel of it as it slid over the thatch of her pubic hair and between her legs. The hard corners of the bar felt good against her clit, but she set it aside and continued her dance, turning



around as she caressed her ass cheeks with soapy hands. She reached her fingers down and spread the cheeks, so he could see the suds dripping down to melt into the crack.

Banishing her shyness, Sophie bent all the way over and grabbed her ankles so Tai would be able to see her pussy lips peeking out from behind. She imagined the way her pussy lips looked, hanging down plump and pink. As she slowly soaped the backs of her calves and thighs, she made puppy-dog eyes at him upside down.

He was stroking his cock faster now, his tight fist squeezing the shaft and pumping hard. The head of his cock swelled as he watched her, and she knew that if he went on like this he would come any minute. She couldn't have that; her pussy needed attention. If she weren't so wet from the shower, she knew she would have been able to feel the slickness on her thighs. She put her hands on the wall and arched her back.

"Will you fuck me now, Tai?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

She gasped as he slammed into her all at once, pressing her into the tiled wall so her soapy breasts fanned out against the wet glass. God, the pressure felt so good. It was like his cock was telling her pussy that everything was okay now, after the long separation. Nothing had changed. The foamy suds were everywhere as he slid in and out of her pussy, and each time she

felt the full length of his shaft deep inside her, she thought to herself, *It's okay.*

Tai grabbed her loose curls and lifted them up so he could take the nape of her neck between his teeth. He bit down just hard enough to make her toes curl. She felt his shaft get even stiffer inside her then, and he worked it in and out with a frenzy until his balls slapped the backs of her thighs.

Everything was warm and wonderful, and it was all theirs! This was going to be their *home*.

She arched her back and got up on her toes so he could get in deeper. He began to make adorable little sounds, and she knew he was very close. When he reached around to play with her clit, she pushed his hand away. She was still a ways off, and she wanted him to come first. In fact, she had a sudden urge to do something she usually hated. She reached for the bar of soap again and rubbed it in her hand.

She wanted him to come on her. In the shower with all this warm water everywhere, it didn't seem as gross as it usually did. She wanted to see the cream shoot out of his cock and splatter all over her body. She reached back to grab his hips and pushed him back away from her.

Tai looked worried. "What's the matter, Sophie, does it hurt?"

She gripped his cock at the base with her soapy hand, enjoying the swell of it.

"Where do you want to come, baby?" she purred. "On my face or on my breasts?"

He laughed out loud. "Really?"

"Tell me."

"Your breasts," he gasped. "Your beautiful, perfect breasts."

Sophie worked the shaft fast. She went up and down the whole hard, veiny length, then worked just the tip, then went back to working the whole shaft. Suds gathered in his thatch of dark pubic hair, and she reached her other hand down to cup his balls. They were tight against his body, like they always got before he shot.

She crouched down to put her firm breasts at cock level, arching her back to offer them up to him. She pumped his long dick like a piston in her soapy hand. His balls quivered, and at the last moment she remembered to look up and lock her gaze on Tai's, giving him her widest puppy-dog eyes.

"Oh, God, Sophie!"

She lost herself in his beautiful dark eyes. The come hit her tits in a hard spurt, warm against her skin. She giggled as a second spurt shot out with so much force that it splattered onto her chin. Tai cried out, gripping her hand with his and shaking the last few drops onto her nipples. They both watched his come drip over her breasts and onto the tiled floor, mixing with the lemongrass foam.

He lifted her up by the shoulders and kissed her hard on the mouth, driving his tongue between her teeth. Her breasts felt good that way, flattened against his strong chest.

"Now it's revenge time," Tai murmured.

He made her lie down on the tiled floor with the warm jets beating down on her breasts. As he buried his face in the hungry place between her legs, Sophie looked up at the cloudless New York City sky.

Somebody up there is looking out for me, she thought. Everything had worked out so perfectly in the end. *Well, almost.* She reached down for a handful of Tai's hair and moved his head a little to the right. *Ah. Now it was perfect.*

It was a good thing their new condo had plenty of hot water, because they stayed in the shower for a very long time. 

From *Hot City Nights*, by Clara Darling. Published by St. Martin's Griffin, 2010.



SEX OBSESSED

Penthouse Letters

Whether or not you think sex addiction is just media hype, as opposed to a real psychological problem, this disc shows that if you're going to be addicted to something, sex is the best vice to have. Director Cash Markman's choice of Jennifer Dark to pair with Danny Mountain is a good one, and her ordinary (but no less attractive) beauty gives the affair a down-to-earth and realistic feel. The sex is of professional caliber, of course, with fine performances from both players. And if you like your porn stars more ... let's say *traditional* ... you're hooked up here, too. Our 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Shawna Leneé plays a sexed-up nurse whose lust gets the better of her while she's giving a

sponge bath to Lexi Stone. A nice shot of Shawna's ass while she goes down on Lexi proves that Markman can keep his eyes on the prize, and the action he captures is both seductive and steamy. Fans of two-girl scenarios get an added bonus when Asa Akira, Nikki Sexx, and Marcus London come together in a showstopping threesome. Asa is as attractive lapping pussy as she is taking cock, and she lives up to her high standards in both here; truth be told, though, the attention she pays to Nikki makes this a good one for anyone who's into lesbian scenes.

Above: Shawna Leneé and Lexi Stone
Left: Danny Mountain and Jennifer Dark



ONCALL Penthouse Forum

If the most important element of comedy is timing, that goes double for sex, as these five vignettes demonstrate. The first finds Eric Masterson in a prime example of bad timing—getting caught in the middle of doing his best friend's wife. Without giving away too much of the plot, suffice it to say that he's rescued by a heavenly Blue Angel, who's small-breasted, thin, and absolutely smoking. She throws him an energetic fuck, milking his cock with her gorgeous puss during some hip-grinding reverse-cowgirl. Blonde stunner Chloe Conrad gets serviced well too, after getting her toe stuck in a bathtub spigot. The two studly firemen who save her get a pretty hot reward: double blowjobs, double penetration, and a double come shot glazing the grateful blonde's face. Mightily inked Juelz Ventura and adorable brunette Kiera King also shine in a vignette that shows being in the right place at the right time is a very, very good thing.



INSIDE THE BOOBY HATCH Penthouse Variations

The medical fetish combined with big-titted beauties is taken to its logical conclusion with these psycho tales of breastular bodacity narrated by mammary maniac Randy Spears. Audrey Bitoni serves up the slavish, slavering kind of balls-deep blowjob a man dreams of—between sucks her tits make a great landing strip for Spears's rod. Nurse Briana Blair's rack gets pressed against a large window while she gets more hands-on attention from behind. Her tits remain under wraps in a very sexy white satin bodice during the oral-sex play, but they're finally and fully unleashed when she gets the dicking the doctor ordered. There's enough focus on bouncing boobs here to keep hardcore breast men happy without distracting more straight porn fans, ensuring that your hunger for heavy hooters and bone-bending beauties will indeed be sated. 

Above left: Blue Angel and Eric Masterson
Above right: Audrey Bitoni and Randy Spears

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will she?



[charlie]





snow job

Finally, you can get ready for Christmas without getting stressed.

Our holiday cheer comes courtesy of February 2006

Pet of the Month Charlie Laine, always a welcome presence in these pages.

Enjoying her luscious curves is a gift that just keeps on giving.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

















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THE MIDNIGHT MOVIE

I'm still not sure what compelled me to do it, but last Friday night I decided to check out the adult movie theater about an hour from my house. It wasn't the kind of thing I'd normally do, especially alone, but I had never been to a theater like that. I was dying to see if it was anything like the ones I'd read about or seen in old movies. I hoped it was.

I got there around 11:30, and when I went into the small theater, I saw maybe a dozen other people—all men—spread out around the room, with more than a few seats separating them. They didn't seem creepy or pervy, though. They looked like guys I worked with and went to college with, guys who weren't going to step out of line. I found a seat near the middle of the theater and settled in to wait for the movie to start.

Being there was a little strange, knowing what all those guys would likely be doing once the film started. But at the same time, I felt kind of like a badass, the only girl brave enough to hang out in an X-rated theater alone on a Friday night. It definitely wasn't something any of my friends would do, and that made me feel better. Still, I'd never seen a porno before, so I didn't know what to expect. I was surprised that when the movie started it was just like any other, with opening credits and music and everything.

Then the people on-screen started to get naked. I watched as a woman was stripped by her boyfriend, then stared in amazement as his pants came off. I'm no virgin, but I've only been with a couple of guys, and they couldn't compare to the on-screen stud. He was hung like a horse. I'd never seen a cock that big, and when his partner went down on him, I was in awe of her ability to take something so large down her throat. I was also getting turned on, and I wasn't sure what I should do about it. How far could I go?

I glanced around to see what the guys were up to. A couple of them seemed to be just watching the screen, but most looked like they were pretty busy. It wasn't hard to guess what they were doing. For a minute I just watched them out of the corners of my eyes, and tried to imagine what their cocks looked like. Were any of them hung like the actor in the movie? Watching them, or what little bits of them I could see, was arousing me more, and I figured if I were ever going to masturbate in public, this was the



time and place for it.

With one last quick glance around me, I slipped my right hand under my skirt and into my panties to rub my damp pussy. It felt strange to be pleasuring myself in a roomful of strangers, but as the action in the movie got more graphic, I relaxed and started to enjoy the freedom of being in the pitch-dark room, surrounded by people but still alone.

The actor was pounding the girl now, and I played with myself more frantically, rubbing my clit and thrusting a finger in and out of my cunt. I felt the wetness of my pussy seeping out and was surprised at how turned on I was. I thrust into myself a little faster,

then added a second finger, going faster still. I was really enjoying myself, and I forgot for a moment that there were other people around me.

When I remembered where I was, I looked around nervously, wondering if anyone was watching. I saw a few guys trying to sneak glances at me, and it was really arousing to know that any one of them would gladly lick my pussy if I walked up to his seat. I went back to fucking myself, adding a third and then a fourth finger. While my hand pumped my pussy, my thumb rubbed back and forth over my clit, and I was getting close to the edge. When the guy on-screen came with an impressive money shot, I gave my clit one final flick and came, too.

I heard other faint groans and grunts around the theater, and after I came back to earth, I left. I'd had my share of excitement for the night, and I was more than satisfied. I also knew I'd be back.—Name and address withheld

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FUCK WORK

Working from home has its perks, and though sometimes I miss going to the office and having watercooler chats with my coworkers, being able to wear flannel pajamas and fuzzy slippers on the job more than makes up for it. And when the flannel and bunny slippers get old, there are other benefits to keep me motivated. Like having a quickie in the middle of the day without breaking any rules set by human resources.

Whenever I'm feeling stressed or bored, I can pop over to my husband's office—he runs his own company and works from home most days—and suggest he take a "coffee break" with me. Usually we go up to the bedroom, or at least to the living room, but sometimes we end up taking care of business right there in the office.

Last week was like that. I was prepping for a meeting and couldn't focus anymore, so I asked Rob to come to my office and help me relax. I had an important teleconference with some coworkers that afternoon, and I didn't want to risk missing the alert I'd set, so we had to stay close. I had time for some quick stress relief, though.

I guess we got a bit caught up with foreplay and lost track of time, because Rob had just positioned his head between my legs when my alarm beeped. I had ten minutes to get ready for my call. I was still hot and bothered, though, and Rob seemed anxious to get a taste of my cunt. But we couldn't do anything with all of my

coworkers—and my boss—watching. Or could we?

Straightening up, I fixed my blouse and blazer, touched up my hair and makeup, and pushed my husband under the desk. The front is open, so Rob had no trouble fitting—though he seemed a bit confused about why he was under there in the first place. He got the hint when I sat in my chair and wheeled myself up to the desk. While I was "in a meeting," he could eat my pussy. I heard his moan drift up from under me just as I turned on the monitor and dialed the office to start the meeting.

Rob's licks and nibbles were light at first, making it easy to pretend there was nothing going on as I talked with my coworkers. I imagined they figured the big smile on my face had to do with the praise I was getting for reeling in a new client. The longer we chatted, however, the harder it was to hide what was happening under my desk.

Rob's tongue was tracing patterns all over my pussy, sometimes swabbing my clit, other times dipping inside my cunt for a brief tongue-fuck. He was massaging my thighs while

My only thoughts were about my cunt, and about how badly I needed Rob's dick in my pussy, mouth, or ass.

he did it, and the combination of sensations made it almost impossible to conceal by the look on my face. It didn't help that every time we got to an important point, Rob nipped at my labia or sucked my clit into his mouth. My knuckles were turning white from gripping the arms of my chair, and it was all I could do to maintain control. It was getting to the point where the only thoughts in my head were about my cunt, and about how badly I needed Rob's dick in my pussy, mouth, or ass. Maybe all three.

Rob was going at me harder now, and when he started to fuck me with his tongue, I nearly lost it. My pussy was already on fire from the laving he'd given me, so all the thrusting was really pushing me over the edge. I dug my fingernails into the undersides of the chair's arms and tried to keep my face blank as I finished my meeting. I held out just long enough, and as soon as I'd said good-bye and turned off the phone and camera, I let go.

I screamed like a banshee as I came, throwing my head back and feeling my entire body shake with the release. It was the most incredible orgasm I'd ever had.

When I came down from my sexual high, I sunk low in my chair to catch my breath, then pulled Rob out from under my desk and dragged him up to bed. I owed him an orgasm or two for a job well done!—L.K., Kentucky

HOT AND FRESH

I've been working as a pizza delivery guy since high school, and it's a pretty great job. The money's not bad—people tip really well where I live—and I get free eats. Plus, I spend most of my time in the car, listening to my favorite tunes while I drive from house to house. Usually I get to check out some hot girls, too, which doesn't hurt. You'd be surprised how many babes order pizza on a Friday or Saturday night—or maybe you wouldn't. Anyway, that's not the point. I'm writing because of what happened last Saturday.

It was a really nice night, not too hot, no rain, all that good stuff. And I was working. Most of the stops were regular customers, houses I'd delivered to in the past. But my last delivery was to a house in a new development that had just gone up. It was pretty swank, and I didn't realize people were already living there. It was kind of far—the farthest we deliver, actually—but I figured whoever lived there had money and

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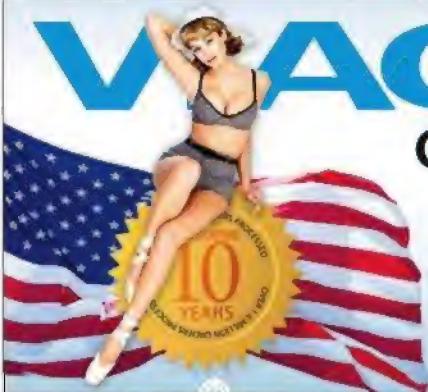
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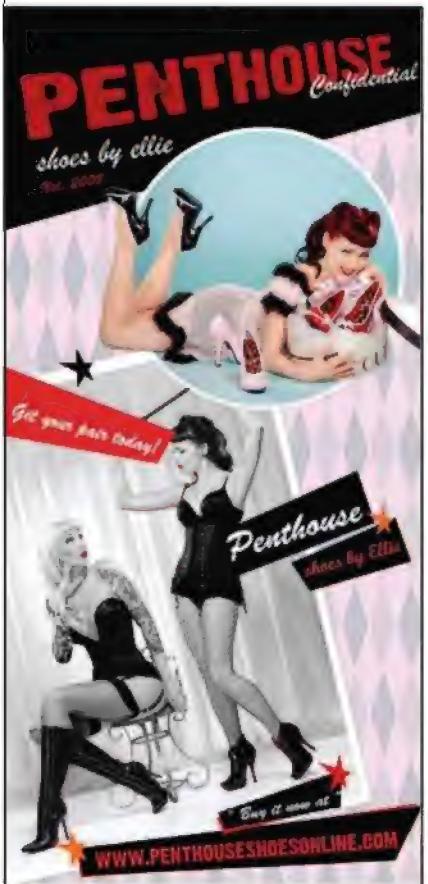
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would give me a pretty sizable tip, so I wasn't bothered.

When I got to the development, I had to drive around for a minute before I figured out where the house was, and when I found it I saw a moving truck in the driveway and lights shining out of curtainless windows. I figured the moving guys had taken a break and wanted some chow, so I grabbed the hot bag with the pizza and walked up the drive. As I got closer, I saw shadows inside, and they didn't look like they belonged to big, burly men. Creeping closer, I looked in the window and nearly died. No muscular movers here, just two really hot naked chicks chasing each other around the empty living room.

Holy shit! I thought. *This isn't happening, is it? Hell, yeah, it is! It's my fuckin' lucky night.* I figured I should walk away from the window and ring the bell, let them know I was there, but shit, I had no idea what they were up to, and you don't just walk away from smokin' hot babes when they're buck naked. I put the pizza down and crouched behind a bush to watch. I was early anyway. Their pizza would still be piping hot in another ten minutes.

One of the girls, a busty blonde with a retro bush, caught up to the other, a slammin' redhead with tiny tits and a shaved cunt, and pinned her against the wall. Their bodies rubbed against each other as they made out, and I saw the blonde's hands move down to grab the redhead's ass. They kissed for a while, and my dick got really hard. It was crazy hot, and when the redhead moved back and got on her knees in front of her friend, I had to reach into my pants to take care of business.

I stroked my dick just a little, with my pants still on. As I did, I saw the redhead dive into the blonde's hairy snatch. She was licking up a storm, and the blonde's pussy hair was getting all wet and matted from her ministrations. The blonde was going crazy as her friend ate her out, and she was clawing at the wall, her nail polish leaving light streaks of color on the white paint. The redhead seemed to be really enjoying herself, too, and she was attacking her friend's pussy like a starving man eating a steak. I couldn't see too much of what she was doing, but I could tell when she started tongue-fucking the other chick because of how her movements changed. And then, when she added some fingers, too—fuck! The blonde was going wild now, and I had to unzip my pants so I could really jerk off. It was like I was watching a hot lesbian porno, but live!

The redhead pulled away for a minute, I guess to catch her breath, and I caught a glimpse of her face, shiny and wet with her girlfriend's juices. She smiled up at the blonde and licked her lips, and that was enough for me. My hand flew up and down my shaft, and when she dove back in, I knew I was a goner. I came a minute later, coating the tiny green leaves of the bush with my jizz.

I kept watching until the blonde came. She went fuckin' nuts and grasped her girlfriend's head tightly between her thighs. Then she slid to the floor, her huge tits heaving up and down. Hot!

At that point I figured I should probably deliver their pizza, so I tucked my

dick back in my pants, picked up the delivery bag, and went to ring the doorbell. The redhead answered in a small robe, looking flushed and out of breath. "I forgot all about the pizza," she said. "How much?"

"On the house," I told her. When she looked confused, I said, "It's a 'welcome to the neighborhood' gift. Special promotion for the development." I was lying out my ass, but it was all I could come up with.

"Oh! Well, thanks," she said, and tipped me 20 bucks. "Have a good night."

Little did she know how good my night had already been.—P.R., Florida

WINNER TAKES ALL

My roommate and I were out playing pool with some friends, and our friend Elena had come with us. She's a superhot brunette who can drink most of the guys under the table, and is the star player for our beer-league softball team. All the guys we hang out with have a thing for her, and I'm pretty sure we've all slept with her at some point—she's always horny and on the prowl. Jay and I made a bet that night that whoever won at pool would have dibs if Elena wanted to get laid.

I really thought I had a shot, because Jay is the worst at pool, but Elena was playing, too, and she wiped the floor with us. By the time the game was over, Jay and I had no idea who had won the bet because we'd both lost the game so badly. Lucky for us, Elena seemed to be in on the bet, too.

The pool hall was clearing out so we called it a night, but first we asked Elena if she wanted to come back to our place to play some videogames—which we were sure she'd win, too—and have another drink. She said sure, and when the other guys left, we took Elena home with us.

Back at the apartment, we popped open some beers and hung around in the kitchen till Elena said she wanted a tour of the place. She'd been there before, but she insisted that we'd never shown her the whole apartment, so I said I'd give her the tour. "No, you and Jay both have to," she demanded. As if we were going to say no to her.

We showed her the living room, terrace, and bathroom, and took her back to the bedrooms. Jay's room is pretty cramped, but mine's huge, and when she saw it, she led us inside, raving about the big bed, the natural light, and the giant closet. Then she started taking off her clothes.

After I came, I figured I should deliver the pizza, so I tucked my dick in my pants and went to ring the bell.

"I won at pool tonight," she said. "That means I have dibs on you two, right?" She was laughing, and I couldn't tell if she was joking around or not. Well, I couldn't tell until she came over and unzipped my pants. Oh, yeah, she was serious.

Elena dragged Jay and me over to the bed by our waistbands, then ordered us to "take it off." We looked at each other, a bit perplexed, but we did what she said. Only two thoughts were running through my head as I undressed: *I'm getting laid tonight!* and *I hope she doesn't want me to hook up with Jay.* Mostly the first one, though, because that's pretty much what any guy's going to think when there's a hot naked chick in his bed.

Anyway, Elena had us strip, then told us to get on the bed with her. She told me to kneel at the head of the bed and had Jay kneel at the foot, and then she started sucking my cock. Instinctively, Jay started eating her cunt, and she purred around my dick, making it vibrate. The vibrations traveled through my dick, up through my spine, and back down into my balls, and I knew it was going to be an awesome blowjob.

She sucked and slurped on my dick

until I was rock-hard, then pulled Jay's hair to get his attention and had us switch places. Her pussy was pretty tasty and I really indulged, thrusting my tongue into her cunt and swirling it around. Then I sucked her clit like she'd sucked my dick. She seemed to like it, too, because I heard her moan around Jay's cock, kind of like she'd moaned around mine.

Once Jay was rock-hard, too, she pulled away and told me to stop what I was doing. She wanted me to fuck her instead. I was more than game. I slid up between her thighs, still on my knees, and pulled her legs up so her calves rested on my shoulders. That put her at a good angle for fucking, and I slid right into her sloppy-wet pussy. Elena likes it rough, and I didn't want to disappoint. I pounded into her like crazy, and it made the bed shake under us. I wasn't paying attention to

Jay, but I knew he was watching us, and even though it seemed weird to have my roommate there while I was fucking, it was cool, too. I felt like I was in a really dirty porno.

Soon enough I was ready to blow, and I told Elena I was about to come. "Fill me up!" she begged. Of course I complied. I shot my load inside her, filling her pussy until our mingled juices leaked out around my slowly softening dick. When I finally pulled out of her, she told Jay it was his turn to fuck her. He quickly took my place between her legs.

Jay got on top of her in standard missionary position, slipped his dick into her sloppy hole, and started pumping away. I didn't mean to watch, but I couldn't help but stare as my roommate fucked the girl whose cunt I'd just filled. It was crazy!

He fucked her for maybe five minutes, but he was already pretty close because of watching me with her, so he came fast. Just like I'd done, he filled Elena's cunt with his seed, not pulling out until he started to go soft. Then what seemed like a gallon of come and pussy juice gushed out with his cock, and I watched, fascinated, as it pooled on the sheet between Elena's thighs. We'd really given it to her good.

Jay and I haven't talked about that night since the morning after it happened, when we pretty much just said how weird and awesome it was. I'm not sure if the opportunity will come again, but if it does, you can bet I'll be a willing participant!—G.K., Pennsylvania

COFFEE DATE

This guy who comes into my coffee shop every day is exactly my type: not too tall, sandy blond hair, piercing green eyes. Since he always orders the same thing—a half-soy latte with three espresso shots—we have time to flirt, and we always have great conversations. Last week I decided that enough was enough, and instead of writing his order on the cup, I wrote my number. He called about an hour after he left, and we set up a date for the following night.

As soon as I got off work, I went home and put my energy into getting ready. At work I always wear black pants and a white shirt, so I was excited to have Jared see me in something sexy. I wore my hair down and put on the brightest, most sparkly makeup I had. Then I dug my favorite little black dress out of the closet and

Elena likes it rough, and I didn't want to disappoint. I pounded into her like crazy, and it made the bed shake under us.



strapped on a pair of really sexy heels. I wanted to blow his mind.

When Jared saw me, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. The dress really plays up my boobs, which are definitely bigger than average, and it's so short and low-cut that he got to see miles of tan skin. I could tell he was enjoying the view after months of seeing me in the same conservative uniform.

He looked good, too. He was dressed pretty much the way he did for work, but he'd tossed the tie and suit jacket and had his shirtsleeves rolled up, and his hair was a little more mussed up than usual. It was a good look for him.

We went to a really nice restaurant for dinner, and we never ran out of things to talk about. We like the same music and sports teams, and he'd even gone to the college I'm enrolled in. It felt like kismet. And Jared was a total gentleman, too. Every time he pulled out my chair or held a door, I felt myself getting aroused. There's something incredibly sexy about chivalry. By the end of the date, I was ready to jump him.

On the way back to my house—Jared was dropping me off—I realized I'd taken the keys to the coffee shop, but not my house keys. I keep an extra set in the office at work, though, so I asked Jared if we could stop there to pick them up. I invited him in with me, and even offered to make him a cup of coffee—"a nightcap, sort of," I suggested. He laughed, then followed me to the back to find my keys. As I dug through the desk drawer, Jared commented on how quiet the coffee shop was at night, and how strange it was to be there without any other customers. That gave me an idea.

Once I'd found my keys and put them in my bag, I insisted on making myself a cup of coffee, and turned on the radio while I waited for the machines to warm up. We always have slow jazz playing, and since the only light was from the streetlight outside, it created a really sexy vibe—exactly what I was going for. I asked Jared to dance with me, and maybe three bars into the song, I kissed him.

Our lips moved together slowly, sensually, as our bodies pressed together and swayed to the music. He was just as polite as he'd been all night, letting me decide where things were going. It wasn't until my tongue begged entrance to his mouth that the kiss became more intense, and when I moved my hands down to cup his ass



and pull him closer, he did the same.

When I led him away from the windows and into the break room, he hesitated for only a second, and it was obvious he was just trying to be polite. I pulled him toward the couch, unbuttoning his shirt as we went. His chest was smooth and strong, and I ran my hands all over his torso. That was enough to encourage him to take some action of his own, and soon my dress was in a puddle at my feet, leaving me in only my lacy bra and panties.

Jared sucked my nipples through my bra, and his mouth was warm and his lips just as adept at sucking as they were at kissing. When he trailed his mouth down my body, getting closer and closer to my pussy, my cunt flooded with excitement. As soon as his lips pressed against the thin material covering my lips, I came. It was too much and not enough at the same time.

With my legs still shaking, I pulled Jared back up, unfastened and pushed down his pants, and waited all of ten seconds for him to take off my remaining garments. Then he was on top of me on the couch, his weight

pressed against me and arousing me even further, to my amazement. Then he slid his dick into me slowly, and man, did it feel good! Jared filled me better than anything else ever had. I was in heaven with his cock inside me, and when he started thrusting rhythmically, I swear I saw stars. He kept me on the edge of coming again, bringing me more pleasure than I'd ever imagined.

I bucked against him, trying to meet his thrusts, and every movement brought me closer to climax. My pussy was spasming wildly around his cock, my body shaking with pleasure. When I finally came, it was like rockets were going off all around me. I screamed, my eyes rolling back in my head and my body writhing uncontrollably beneath his. It was the most intense orgasm I'd ever experienced.

My excitement sent Jared over the edge, and as I reached the absolute peak of pleasure, he came as well. I felt his cock throb inside my pussy, and then a sense of warmth flooded through me. He didn't stop fucking me until I was absolutely spent, and finally he pulled out of me and kissed me deeply once more.

When he drove me home I invited him in, and this time he didn't hesitate. We spent the rest of the night fucking—making love, really—and didn't fall asleep until the sun was rising the next morning. It was the most amazing first date. I can't wait to see what happens on our second.—M.B., Florida

He slid his dick into me slowly. I bucked against him, and every movement brought me closer to climax.



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TOUCHDOWN!

The one fantasy I'd always wanted to live out was to have sex on my high-school football field, under the home team's goalposts. I'd never gotten that lucky in high school, but I figured my ten-year reunion was as good a time as any to make it happen. I told my wife all about my fantasy, and she agreed to make it come true.

When we got to the reunion, we mingled with my former classmates and talked to the guys I'd been on the football team with. We made sure to get our picture taken and looked through the old photos on display before we decided to disappear for a while. We figured we'd spent enough time inside to ensure no one would come looking for us or wonder where we'd gone.

As soon as we were outside, my wife took off her heels and we ran across the grass to the football field. We undressed as soon as we reached the chain-link fence that surrounded it, hanging our clothes at the top. Then, with one last look around to make sure we were alone, we moved under the goalposts.

Tracy started things off by sucking my dick until it was as hard as a steel pipe. As soon as I was ready, I dropped to the ground with her and pushed her onto her back. I straddled her legs and positioned my dick at her hole, then thrust into her.

We'd both been anticipating this all night, and Tracy's cunt was already pretty wet. I slid easily inside her. I fisted my hands in the grass as I thrust into her, slowly building up my speed. As I fucked her, I imagined the bleachers filled with fans, all cheering me on to climax. It made me thrust faster, and before long Tracy was moaning beneath me, ready to come.

I could hear the crowd rooting us on as my wife exploded. "Come! Come! Come!" they chanted. And then I did, harder than I had in weeks, filling Tracy's hole with a steaming load.

When I climbed off her, we brushed the grass off ourselves, put our clothes back on, and headed back to the school. It was time to mingle again.—K.B., Utah

As I fucked Tracy, I imagined the bleachers filled with fans, all cheering me on to climax: "Come! Come! Come!"

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Goodbye Girls

Before we bid adieu to 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen and Runner-Up Veronica Ricci, say hello to a small sample of the most scorching images the dynamic duo has contributed to Penthouse.com. It's the sexiest parting gift we've ever seen.

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